Poems, &c.

Written upon several

OCCASIONS,

And to several

PERSONS:

BY

EDMOND WALLER, Esq;

The third Edition, with several Additions,

Never before Printed.

Primum ego me illorum, dederim quibus esse Poetas,
Excerpam numero ——
Ingenium cui sit, cui mens divinior, atque os
Magna sonaturum, des nominis hujus honorem.

HORAT.

LONDON,
Printed for Henry Herringman, at the *Anchor* in the Lower-Walk of the *New-Exchange*, 1668.

The Printer

TO THE

READER.

When the Author of these Verses (Written only to please himself, and such particular persons to whom they were directed) returned from abroad some years since, He was troubled to find his name in print, but somewhat satisfied to see his lines so ill rendred that he might justly disown them, and say to a mistaking Printer, as one did to an ill Reciter, —— Male dum recitas,

incipit esse tuum. *Having been ever since pressed to correct the many and gross faults, (such as use to be in Impressions wholly neglected by the Authors) his answer was, that he made these when ill verses had more favour and escaped better, than good ones do in this age; the severity whereof he thought not unhappily diverted by those faults in the impression, which hitherto have hung upon his Book as the Turks hang old rags (or such like ugly things) upon their faireſt Horses and other goodly Creatures, to secure them against fascination; and for those of a more Confin'd understanding (who pretend not to Censure) as they admire most what they least comprehend, so his Verses (maimed to that degree that himself scarce knew what to make of many of them) might that way at least have a title to some Admiration, which is no small matter, if what an old Author observes be true, That the aim, of Orators, is victory; of Historians Truth; and of Poets Admiration; He had reason therefore to indulge*

dulge those faults in his Book whereby it might be reconciled to some, and commended to others.

The Printer also he thought would fare the worse, if those faults were amended; for we see maimed statues sell better then whole ones, and clipt and washt Money go about when the entire and weighty lies hoarded up. These are the reasons which for above twelve years past he has opposed to our request; To which it was replyed, that as it would be too late to recall that which had so long been made publick, so might it find excuse from his Youth (the season it was produced in) And for what had been done since and now added, if it commend not his Poetry, It might his Philosophy, which teaches him so cheerfully to bear so great a Calamity, as the loss of the best part of his fortune (torn from him in Prison, in which, and in banishment the best portion of his life hath also been spent) that he can still sing under the burthen, not unlike that Roman

Quem

The Printer

——Quem demiſere Philippi
Deciſis humilem pennis inopemque Paterni
Et Laris, et fundi.——

Whoſe ſpreading wings the Civil war had clipt,
And him of his old Patrimony ſtript.

who yet not long after could ſay,

Muſis amicus Triſtitiam & Metus
Tradam protervis in Mare Creticum
Portare ventis.——

They that acquainted with the Muſes be
Send care and ſorrow by the winds, to Sea.

Not ſo much moved with theſe reaſons of ours (or pleas'd with our Rhimes) as wearied with our importunity, He has at laſt given us leave, To aſſure the Reader, That the Poems which have been ſo long and ſo ill ſet forth under his name, are here to be found as he firſt

writ

writ them; as also to add some others which have since been composed by him. And though his advice to the contrary might have discouraged us, yet observing how often they have been reprinted, what price they have born, and how earnestly they have been always inquired after, but especially of late making good that of Horace,

—— Meliora dies, ut Vina, Poemata reddit; *Some Verses being (like some Wines) recommended to our Taste by Time and Age, we have ventured upon this new and well corrected Edition, which for our own sakes, as well as thine we hope will succeed better than he apprehended.*

Vivitur ingenio, Cætera mortis erunt.

POEMS

TO THE KING

On His NAVY.

WHere e're thy Navy ſpreads her Canvas wings,
Homage to thee, and Peace to all ſhe brings;
The *French* and *Spaniard* when thy Flags appear
Forget their Hatred, and conſent to Fear.
So *Jove* from *Ida* did both hoaſts ſurvey,
And when he pleas'd to Thunder part the fray.
Ships heretofore in Seas like Fiſhes ſped;
The mightieſt ſtill upon the ſmalleſt fed;
Thou on the deep impoſeſt Nobler Laws,
And by that Juſtice haſt remov'd the Cauſe

Of those rude Tempests which for rapine sent,
Too oft alas, involv'd the innocent.
Now shall the Ocean as thy *Thames* be free
From both those fates of Storms and Piracy:
But we most happy, who can fear no force
But winged Troops, or Pegasean Horse:
'Tis not so hard for greedy foes to spoil
Another Nation as to touch our soil:
Should Natures self invade the world again,
And o're the Center spread the liquid Main,
Thy power were safe, and her destructive hand
Would but enlarge the bounds of thy command;
Thy dreadful Fleet would stile thee Lord of all,
And ride in Triumph o're the drowned ball.
Those Towers of Oak o're fertile plains might go
And visit Mountains where they once did grow.
The Worlds Restorer never could endure
That finish'd *Babel* should those men secure,

Whose

Whoſe Pride deſign'd that fabrick to have ſtood
Above the reach of any ſecond Flood:
To thee his Choſen more indulgent, he
Dares truſt ſuch Power with ſo much Piety.

Of the danger His Majeſty (being Prince) eſcaped in the Road at Saint Anderes.

NOw had his Highneſs bid farewell to *Spain*,
And reacht the ſphere of his own power, the main,
With Britiſh bounty in his Ship he feaſts,
Th'Heſperian Princes, his amazed gueſts;
To find that watry Wilderneſs exceed
The entertainment of their great *Madrid*.
Healths to both Kings attended with the rore
Of Cannons eccho'd from th'affrighted ſhoar,
With loud reſemblance of his Thunder prove
Bacchus the ſeed of Cloud compelling *Jove*;

While to his Harp Divine, *Arion* ſings
The Loves and Conqueſts of our *Albion* Kings.
Of the fourth *Edward* was his Noble ſong,
Fierce, Goodly, Valiant, Beautiful and Young.
He rent the Crown from vanquiſht *Henries* head,
Rais'd the white Roſe and trampled on the Red:
Till Love triumphing o're the Victors pride,
Brought *Mars* and *Warwick* to the Conquer'd ſide;
Neglected *Warwick* (whoſe bold hand like fate
Gives and reſumes the Scepter of our State)
Wooes for his Maſter, and with double ſhame
Himſelf deluded, mocks the Princely Dame,
The Lady *Bona*, whom juſt anger burns,
And Forein War with Civil Rage returns:
Ah ſpare your Swords, where Beauty is too blame,
Love gave th'Affront, and muſt repair the ſame:
When *France* ſhall boaſt of her, whoſe conquering eyes
Have made the beſt of *Engliſh* hearts their prize;

Have

Have power to alter the decrees of fate,
And change again the Counſels of our State.
What the Prophetick Muſe intends, alone
To him that feels the ſecret wound is known.
With the ſweet ſound of this harmonious lay
About the Keel delighted Dolphins play,
Too ſure a ſign of Seas enſuing rage,
Which muſt anon this Royal Troop engage:
To whom ſoft ſleep ſeems more ſecure and ſweet
Within the Town commanded by our Fleet.
Theſe mighty Peers plac'd in the gilded Barge,
Proud with the burden of ſo brave a charge,
With painted Oars the Youths begin to ſweep
Neptunes ſmooth face, and cleave the yielding deep,
Which ſoon becomes the ſeat of ſudden War
Between the Wind and Tide that fiercely jar;
As when a ſort of luſty Shepherds try
Their force at Foot-ball, care of victory

Makes them ſalute ſo rudely breaſt to breaſt,
That their encounters ſeem too rough for jeſt;
They ply their feet, and ſtill the reſtleſs ball
Toſt too and fro is urged by them all:
So fares the doubtful Barge 'twixt Tide and Winds,
And like effect of their contention finds;
Yet the bold Britains ſtill ſecurely row'd,
Charles and his Virtue was their ſacred load;
Than which a greater pledge heaven could not give
That the good boat this Tempeſt ſhould outlive:
But ſtorms encreaſe, and now no hope of grace
Among them ſhines, ſave in the Princes face,
The reſt reſign their courage, skill and ſight
To danger, horrour, and unwelcome night.
The gentle veſſel, wont with ſtate and pride
On the ſmooth back of ſilver *Thames* to ride,
Wanders Aſtoniſh'd in the angry main,
As *Titans* Car did, while the golden rein

Fill'd

Fill'd the young hand of his advent'rous ſon
When the whole world an equal hazard run
To this of ours, the light of whoſe deſire
Waves threaten now, as that was skar'd by fire.
Th'impatient ſea grows impotent and raves
That (night aſſiſting) his impetuous waves
Should find reſiſtance from ſo light a thing;
Theſe ſurges ruine, thoſe our ſafety bring.
Th'oppreſſed veſſel doth the charge abide,
Only becauſe aſſail'd on every ſide:
So men with rage and paſſion ſet on fire,
Trembling for haſte, impeach their mad deſire.
The pale *Iberians* had expir'd with fear,
But that their wonder did divert their care,
To ſee the Prince with danger mov'd no more
Than with the Pleaſures of their Court before.
God-like his courage ſeem'd, whom nor delight
Could ſoften, nor the face of death affright;

Next to the power of making Tempests cease,
Was in that storm to have so calm a peace.

Great *Maro* could no greater Tempest feign
When the loud Winds usurping on the Main,
For angry *Juno* labour'd to destroy
The hated reliques of confounded *Troy*:
His bold *Æneas*, on like Billows toss't,
In a tall Ship, and all his Countrey lost,
Dissolves with fear, and both his hands upheld,
Proclaims them happy whom the Greeks had quell'd.

In Honourable fight, our *Hero* set
In a small shallop fortune in his debt,
So near a hope of Crowns and Scepters, more
Than ever *Priam*, when he flourish'd, wore,
His Loins yet full of ungot Princes, all
His Glory in the bud, lets nothing fall
That argues Fear; if any thought annoys
The gallant youth, 'tis Loves untasted joys,

And dear remembrance of that fatal glance,
For which he lately pawn'd his Heart in *France*,
Where he had ſeen a brighter Nymph than ſhe
That ſprung out of his preſent foe, the Sea;
That noble Ardor, more than mortal Fire,
The conquered Ocean could not make expire,
Nor angry *Thetis*, raiſe her waves above
Th'Heroick Prince's Courage, or his Love.
'Twas Indignation, and not Fear he felt,
The ſhrine ſhould periſh where that Image dwelt.
Ah Love forbid, the Nobleſt of thy Train
Should not ſurvive to let her know his pain:
Who nor his Peril minding, nor his Flame,
Is entertain'd with ſome leſs ſerious Game
Among the bright Nymphs of the Gallique Court,
All highly born, obſequious to her ſport:
They Roſes ſeem, which in their early Pride,
But half reveal, and half their beauties hide;

She

She the glad morning which her beams does throw
Upon their ſmiling leaves, and gilds them ſo;
Like bright *Aurora*, whoſe refulgent Ray
Foretells the fervor of enſuing day,
And warns the Shepherd with his Flocks retreat
To leafie ſhadows from the threatned heat.

From *Cupids* ſtrings of many ſhafts that fled
Wing'd with thoſe plumes which noble Fame had ſhed,
As through the wondring world ſhe flew and told
Of his adventures haughty, brave and bold,
Some had already touch'd the Royal Maid,
But love's firſt ſummons ſeldome are obey'd.
Light was the wound, the Prince's care unknown,
She might not, would not, yet reveal her own.

His glorious name had ſo poſſeſt her ears,
That with delight thoſe antique tales ſhe hears
Of *Jaſon*, *Theſeus*, and ſuch Worthies old,
As with his ſtory beſt reſemblance hold,

And now ſhe views, as on the wall it hung
What old *Muſeus* ſo Divinely ſung;
Which Art with life and love did ſo inſpire
That ſhe diſcerns, and favours that deſire,
Which there provokes th'advent'rous youth to ſwim,
And in *Leanders* danger pities him,
Whoſe not new love alone, but fortune ſeeks
To frame his ſtory like that amorous Greeks.

For from the ſtern of ſome good Ship appears
A friendly light which moderates their fears:
New courage from reviving hope they take,
And climbing o're the waves that Taper make;
On which the hope of all their Lives depends,
As his on that fair *Hero*'s hand extends.

The Ship at anchor like a fixed Rock
Breaks the proud Billows which her large ſides knock;
Whoſe rage reſtrained foaming higher ſwels,
And from her Port the weary Barge repels;

Threat-

Threatning to make her forced out again,
Repeat the dangers of the troubled main.
Twice was the Cable hurl'd in vain; the fates
Would not be moved for our ſiſter States:
For *England* is the third ſucceſsful throw,
And then the Genius of that Land they know:
Whoſe Prince muſt be (as their own Books deviſe)
Lord of the Scene, where now his danger lies.
Well ſung the *Roman* Bard, all human things
Of deareſt value, hang on ſlender ſtrings.
O ſee the then ſole hope, and in deſign
Of Heaven our joy ſupported by a line:
Which for that inſtant was Heaven's care above
The chain that's fixed to the Throne of *Jove*;
On which the fabrick of our World depends,
One Link diſſolv'd, the whole Creation ends.

Of His Majeſtie's *receiving the News of the Duke of* Buckingham's *Death.*

SO earneſt with thy God, can no new care,
No ſenſe of danger interrupt thy Prayer?
The ſacred Wreſtler till a bleſſing given
Quits not his hold, but halting conquers Heaven:
Nor was the ſtream of thy Devotion ſtopp'd,
When from the Body ſuch a Limb was lopp'd,
As to thy preſent ſtate was no leſs maim,
Though thy wiſe choice has ſince repair'd the ſame.
Bold *Homer* durſt not ſo great Virtue feign
In his beſt pattern, of *Patroclus* ſlain,
With ſuch amazement as weak Mothers uſe,
And frantick geſture he receives the news:
Yet fell his Darling by th'impartial chance
Of war, impos'd by Royal *Hectors* Launce;

Thine

Thine in full peace, and by a vulgar hand
Torn from thy boſom, left his high command.
The famous Painter could allow no place
For private ſorrow in a Princes face;
Yet that his piece might not exceed belief,
He caſt a veil upon ſuppoſed grief.
'Twas want of ſuch a preſident as this
Made the old heathen frame their gods amiſs.
Their *Phœbus* ſhould not act a fonder part
For the fair Boy, than he did for his Hart;
Nor blame for *Hyacinthus* fate his own
That kept from him wiſh'd death, hadſt thou been known.
He that with thine ſhall weigh good *David*'s deeds,
Shall find his Paſſion, not his Love exceeds;
He curſt the mountains where his brave friend dy'd,
But let falſe *Ziba* with his Heir divide:
Where thy immortal Love to thy beſt Friends,
Like that of Heaven upon their Seed deſcends:

Such

Such huge extreams inhabit thy great mind,
God-like unmov'd, and yet like Woman kind.
Which of the ancient Poets had not brought
Our *Charles* His Pedigree from Heaven, and taught
How ſome bright Dame compreſt by mighty *Jove*
Produc'd this mixt Divinity and Love?

To the Queen, occaſioned upon ſight of Her Majeſties Picture.

WEll fare the hand which to our humble ſight
Preſents that Beauty which the dazling Light
Of Royal ſplendor hides from weaker eyes;
And all exceſs (ſave by this Art) denies.
Here only we have Courage to behold
This beam of Glory, here we dare unfold
In numbers thus the wonders we conceive;
The gracious Image ſeeming to give leave

Pro-

Propitious ſtands, vouchſafing to be ſeen;
And by our Muſe ſaluted

Mighty Queen.

In whom th'extreams of Power and Beauty move,
The Queen of *Britain* and the Queen of Love.
As the bright Sun (to which we owe no ſight)
Of equal Glory to your Beauties light,
Is wiſely plac'd in ſo ſublime a ſeat
T'extend his light, and moderate his heat:
So happy 'tis you move in ſuch a ſphear
As your High Majeſty with awful fear,
In humane Breaſts might qualifie that Fire
Which kindled by thoſe Eyes had flamed higher,
Than when the ſcorched World like hazard run
By the approach of the ill guided Sun.
No other Nymphs have Title to mens hearts,
But as their Meanneſs larger hope imparts:

You

Your Beauty more the fondeſt Lover moves
With admiration, than his private Loues;
With admiration, for a pitch ſo high
(Save Sacred *Charles* his) never love durſt fly.
Heaven that preferr'd a Scepter to your hand
Favour'd our Freedom, more than your command.
Beauty had crown'd you, and you muſt have been
The whole worlds Miſtriſs, other than a Queen.
All had been Rivals; and you might have ſpar'd,
Or Kill'd and Tyranniz'd without a guard.
No power atchiev'd, either by Arms or Birth,
Equals loves Empire, both in Heaven and Earth.
Such eyes as yours, on *Jove* himſelf have thrown
As bright and fierce a lightning as his own:
Witneſs our *Jove* prevented by their Flame
In his ſwift paſſage to th'Heſperian Dame,
When (like a Lion) finding in his way
To ſome intended ſpoil a fairer prey,

The Royal youth purſuing the report
Of Beauty, found it in the Gallique Court:
Their publique care with private paſſion fought
A doubtful combate in his noble thought.
Should he confeſs his Greatneſs, and his Love,
And the free Faith of your great Brother prove,
With his *Achates* breaking through the Cloud
Of that diſguiſe which did their Graces ſhroud,
And mixing with thoſe gallants at the ball,
Dance with the Ladies and out-ſhine them all,
Or on his journey o're the Mountains ride;
So when the fair *Leucothee* he eſpy'd
To check his ſteeds, impatient *Phœbus* earn'd,
Though all the world was in his courſe concern'd.
What may hereafter her Meridian do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warm'd his boſom ſo?
Not ſo Divine a flame, ſince deathleſs gods
Forbore to viſit the deſir'd abodes

Of

Of men, in any mortal breaſt did burn,
Nor ſhall till Piety and they return.

Upon His Majeſties *repairing of* PAULS.

THat Shipwrackt veſſel which the Apoſtle bore
Scarce ſuffer'd more upon *Melitas* ſhore,
Than did his Temple in the ſea of Time
(Our Nations Glory, and our Nations Crime)
When the Firſt Monarch of this happy Iſle
Mov'd with the ruine of ſo brave a pile,
This work of Coſt and Piety begun
To be accompliſh'd by his Glorious Son;
Who all that came within the ample thought
Of his wiſe Sire, has to perfection brought.
He like *Amphion* makes thoſe Quarries leap
Into fair Figures from a confus'd heap:

For in his Art of Regiments is found
A power like that of Harmony in ſound.
Thoſe antique Minſtrels ſure were *Charles*-like Kings,
Cities their Lutes, and Subjects hearts their Strings;
On which with ſo Divine a hand they ſtrook
Conſent of motion from their breath they took.
So all our minds with his, conſpire to grace
The Gentiles great Apoſtle, and deface
Thoſe State-obſcuring ſheds, that like a chain
Seem'd to confine and fetter him again;
Which the glad Saints ſhakes off at his command,
As once the Viper from his Sacred hand:
So joys the aged Oak when we divide
The creeping Ivy from his injur'd ſide.
Ambition rather would affect the fame,
Of ſome new ſtructure, to have born her name,
Two diſtant Virtues in one Act we find
The Modeſty, and Greatneſs of his mind;

Which

Which not content to be above the Rage
And injury of all-impairing age,
In its own worth ſecure, doth higher climb,
And things half ſwallow'd from the jaws of Time
Reduce, an earneſt of his grand deſign
To frame no new Church, but the Old refine,
Which Spouſe-like may with comely Grace command
More than by force of Argument or Hand:
For doubtful Reaſon few can apprehend,
And War brings Ruine, where it ſhould amend:
But Beauty with a bloodleſs Conqueſt finds
A welcome Sovereignty in rudeſt Minds.

Not ought which *Sheba*'s wondring Queen beheld
Amongſt the works of *Solomon* excell'd
His Ships and Building, emblems of a Heart
Large both in Magnanimity and Art:
While the propitious Heavens this work attend,
Long wanted ſhowrs they forget to ſend;

As if they meant to make it understood
Of more importance than our vital food.
The Sun which riseth to salute the Quire
Already finish'd, setting shall admire
How private bounty could so far extend;
The King built all, but *Charles* the *Western* end:
So proud a Fabrick to Devotion given,
At once it threatens and obliges Heaven.
Laomedon that had the Gods in pay,
Neptune, with him that rules the sacred day,
Could no such structure raise, *Troy* wall'd so high,
Th' *Atrides* might as well have forc'd the Sky.
Glad, though amazed, are our neighbour Kings
To see such Power employ'd in peaceful things.
They list not urge it to the dreadful field,
The Task is easier to destroy than build.

——— *Sic gratia Regum*
Pieriis tentata modis. Horat.

The

The *Countrey to my Lady of* Carliſle.

Madam,

OF all the ſacred Muſe inſpir'd,
Orpheus alone could with the Woods comply
Their rude Inhabitants his ſong admir'd,
And Natures ſelf in thoſe that could not lye.
Your Beauty next our Solitude invades,
And warms us Shining, through the thickeſt Shades.
Nor ought the Tribute which the wondring Court
Pays your fair Eyes, prevail with you to ſcorn
The anſwer and conſent to that Report
Which Eccho-like the Countrey do's return:
Mirrors are taught to Flatter, but our Springs
Preſent th'impartial Images of things,
A Rural Judge diſpos'd of Beauties prize,
A ſimple Shepheard was preferr'd to *Jove*,

Down to the Mountains from the partial Skies
Came *Juno*, *Pallas*, and the Queen of Love,
To plead for that which was so justly given
To the bright *Carliſle* of the Court of Heaven.

Carliſle! a Name which all our words are taught,
Loud as his *Amarillis* to resound;
Carliſle! a Name which on the Barque is wrought
Of every Tree that's worthy of the Wound.
From *Phœbus* Rage, our Shadows, and our Streams,
May guard us better than from *Carliſle*'s Beams.

The Countess of Carliſle *in Mourning.*

WHen from black Clouds no part of Sky is clear,
But just so much as lets the Sun appear
Heaven then would seem thy Image, and reflect
Those Sable Vestments, and that bright Aspect.

A spark of Virtue by the deepest shade
Of sad adversity is fairer made;
Nor less advantage doth thy Beauty get
A *Venus* rising from a sea of Jett.
Such was the opperrande of new formed Light
While yet it strugled with Eternal night:
Then Mourn no more lest thou admit increase
Of Glory, by thy Noble Lords decease.
We find nor this the Laughter-loving Dame
Mourn'd for *Anchises*; 'twas enough she came
To grace the Mortal with her dumbless Bed,
And that his living eyes such Beauty fed;
Had she been there, untimely joy through all
Mens hearts diffus'd, had mar'd the Funeral.
Those eyes were made to banish grief: as well
Bright *Phœbus* might affect in shades to dwell,
As they to put on sorrow; nothing stands
But power to grieve, exempt from thy commands:

If

If thou lament, thou must do so alone,
Grief in thy presence, can lay hold on none.
Yet still persist the memory to love
Of that great *Mercury* of our mighty *Jove*,
Who by the power of his enchanting tongue
Swords from the hands of threatning Monarchs wrung
War he prevented, or soon made it cease,
Instructing Princes in the Arts of Peace:
Such as made *Sheba*'s curious Queen resort
To the large-hearted *Solomon*'s famous Court.
Had *Homer* seen amongst his wondring guests,
He might have learn'd at those stupendious feasts,
With greater Bounty, and more sacred State
The Banquet of the Gods to celebrate.
But O! what elocution might he use,
What potent charms that could so soon infuse
His Absent masters love into the heart
Of *Henrietta*, forcing her to part

From

From her lov'd Brother, Country, and the Sun,
And like *Camilla* o're the Waves to run
Into his Arms, while the *Pariſian* Dames
Mourn for their raviſh'd Glory, at their Flames
No leſs amaz'd, than the amazed Stars,
When the bold Charmer of *Theſſalian* Wars
With Heaven it ſelf, and numbers does repeat,
Which call deſcending *Cynthia* from her Seat.

In anſwer to One who writ againſt a fair Lady.

WHat Fury has provok'd thy Wit to dare
With *Diomede*, to wound the Queen of Love,
Thy Miſtriſs's Envy, or thine own Deſpair?
Not the juſt *Pallas* in thy Breaſt did move
So blind a Rage with ſuch a different Fate,
He Honour won, where thou haſt purchaſt Hate.

She

She gave assistance to his *Trojan* foe;
Thou that without a Rival thou mayst love,
Dost to the Beauty of this Lady owe,
While after her the gazing World does move.
Canst thou not be content to love alone,
Or is thy Mistris not content with One?
Hast thou not read of fairy *Arthurs* shield,
Which but disclos'd, amaz'd the weaker eyes
Of proudest Foes, and won the doubtful Field?
So shall thy Rebel wit become her prize.
Should thy Iambicks swell into a Book,
All were confuted with one radiant Look!
Heaven he oblig'd that plac'd her in the Skies,
Rewarding *Phœbus*, for inspiring so
His Noble Brain, by likening to those Eies
His joyful Beams, but *Phœbus* is thy Foe,
And neither aids thy Fancy nor thy Sight,
So ill thou Run'st against so fair a Light.

On my Lady Dorothy Sidneys *Picture.*

SUch was *Philocleas* ſuch *Mucidorus* Flame;
The matchleſs *Sidney* that immortal Frame
Of perfect Beauty on Two Pillars plac'd;
Not his high Fancy could One pattern Grac't
With ſuch extreams of Excellence compoſe,
Wonders ſo diſtant in one Face diſcloſe:
Such cheerful Modeſty, ſuch humble State,
Moves certain Love, but with a doubtful Fate,
As when beyond our greedy Reach we ſee,
Inviting Fruit on too ſublime a Tree.
All the rich Flowers through his *Arcadia* found,
Amaz'd we ſee, in this One Garland bound.
Had but this Coppy, which the Artiſt took
From the fair Picture of that Noble Book,

Stood

Stood at *Calanders*, the brave friends had jarr'd,
And Rivals made, th'ensuing story marr'd;
Just Nature first instructed by his thought,
In his own House thus practis'd what he taught.
This Glorious piece transcends what he could think;
So much his Blood is Nobler than his Ink.

To Vandike.

RAre *Artisan*, whose Pensil moves
Not our Delights alone but Loves:
From thy Shop of Beauty, we
Slaves return that en'ter'd free.
The heedless Lover does not know
Whose eyes they are that wound him so:
But confounded with thy Art,
Inquires her name that has his Heart:

Anothe

Another who did long refrain,
Feels his Old wound bleed freſh again,
With dear remembrance of that face,
Where now he reads new hopes of Grace:
Nor Scorn, nor Cruelty does find,
But gladly ſuffers a falſe wind
To blow the aſhes of Deſpair
From the reviving brand of care:
Fool that forgets her ſtubborn look,
This ſoftneſs from thy finger took:
Strange that thy hand ſhould not inſpire
The Beauty only, but the Fire:
Not the Form alone, and Grace,
But Act and Power of a face:
May'ſt thou yet thy ſelf as well,
As all the world beſides excel;
So you th'unfeigned Truth rehearſe,
(That I may make it live in Verſe)

Why

Why thou couldst not at one assay,
That Face to after times convey,
Which this admires; was it thy wit
To make her oft before thee sit?
Confess, and we'll forgive thee this,
For who would not repeat that bliss,
And frequent sight of such a Dame,
Buy with the hazard of his Fame?
Yet who can tax thy blameless Skill,
Though thy good hand had failed still?
When Natures self so often errs,
She for this many thousand years
Seems to have practis'd with much care,
To frame the Race of Women fair,
Yet never could a perfect birth
Produce before to grace the Earth:
Which waxed old ere it could see
Her that amaz'd thy Art and Thee.

But now 'tis done, O let me know
Where thoſe immortal Colours grow,
That could this deathleſs piece compoſe
In Lillies, or the fading Roſe?
No, for this Theft thou haſt climb'd higher
Than did *Prometheus* for his Fire.

Of the Lady who can ſleep when ſhe pleaſes.

NO wonder Sleep from careful Lovers flies,
To bath himſelf in *Sacharissa*'s eyes,
As fair *Aſtrea* once from Earth to Heaven
By Strife and loud Impiety was driven:
So with our Plaints offended, and our Tears
Wiſe *Somnus* to that Paradiſe repairs,
Waits on her Will, and wretches do's forſake
To court the Nymph, for whom thoſe wretches wake:

More proud than *Phœbus* of his Throne of Gold
Is the ſoft God, thoſe ſofter Limbs to hold;
Nor would exchange with *Jove*, to hide the Skies
In darkning Clouds, the power to cloſe her eyes:
Eyes which ſo far all other Lights controul,
They warm our Mortal parts, but theſe our Soul.
Let her free Spirit whoſe unconquer'd Breaſt
Holds ſuch deep quiet, and untroubled reſt,
Know, that though *Venus* and her Son ſhould ſpare
Her Rebel heart, and never teach her Care,
Yet *Hymen* may inforce her vigils keep,
And for anothers Joy, ſuſpend her Sleep.

Of the miſ-report of her being Painted.

AS when a ſort of Wolves infeſt the night
With their wild howlings at fair *Cynthia*'s light,

The

The noiſe may chaſe ſweet ſlumber from our eyes,
But never reach the Miſtriſs of the Skies:
So with the news of *Sachariſſa*'s wrongs,
Her vexed ſervants blame thoſe envious tongues,
Call Love to witneſs that no painted Fire
Can ſcorch men ſo, or kindle ſuch deſire,
While unconcerned ſhe ſeems mov'd no more
With this new Malice than our Loves before,
But from the height of her great mind looks down
On both our paſſions without Smile or Frown,
So little care of what is done below
Hath the bright dame, whom Heaven affecteth ſo.
Paints her, 'tis true, with the ſame hand which ſpreads
Like Glorious Colours through the Flowry Meads,
When laviſh Nature with her beſt Attire
Clothes the gay Spring, the ſeaſon of deſire.
Paints her, 'tis true, and does her Cheek adorn
With the ſame Art wherewith ſhe paints the Morn:

With the same Art wherewith she gildeth so
Those painted Clouds which form *Thaumantias* bow.

Of her passing through a crowd of People.

AS in old *Chaos* Heaven with Earth confus'd,
And Stars with Rocks, together crush'd & bruis'd,
The Sun his light no further could extend
Than the next hill, which on his Shoulders lean'd:
So in this throng bright *Sachariſſa* far'd,
Oppreſs'd by those who strove to be her guard;
As ships though never so obsequious, fall
Foul in a Tempest on their Admiral:
A greater Favour this Disorder brought
Unto her Servants than their awful thought
Durst entertain, when thus compell'd they prest
The yielding Marble of her snowy Breast
While Love insults disguised in the Cloud,
And welcome force of that unruly Croud.

So

So th'amorous Tree, while yet the Air is calm
Juſt diſtance keeps from his deſired Palm:
But when the Wind her raviſht Branches throws
Into his Arms, and mingles all their Bows,
Though loath he ſeems her tender Leaves to preſs,
More loath he is that friendly ſtorm ſhould ceaſe,
From whoſe rude Bounty, he the double uſe
At once receives, of Pleaſure and Excuſe.

The ſtory of Phœbus *and* Daphne *applied*

THirſis a youth of the inſpired Train,
Fair *Sachariſſa* lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like *Phœbus* ſung the no leſs amorous boy,
Like *Daphne* ſhe as lovely and as Coy:
With numbers he the flying Nymph purſues,
With numbers ſuch as *Phœbus* ſelf might uſe,
Such is the chaſe when Love and Fancy leads,
O're craggy Mountains, and through floury Meads,

Invok'd to teſtifie the Lovers care,
Or form ſome Image of his cruel fair:
Urg'd with his fury like a wounded Deer,
O're theſe he fled, and now approaching near,
Had reacht the Nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to ſtay;
Yet what he ſung in his immortal ſtrain,
Though unſucceſsful, was not ſung in vain:
All but the Nymph, that ſhould redreſs his wrong,
Attend his paſſion, and approve his Song.
Like *Phœbus* thus, acquiring unſought praiſe,
He catcht at Love, and fill'd his Arm with Bays.

Fabula Phœbi & Daphnis.

Arcadiæ juvenis Thirſis, Phœbique ſacerdos,
Ingenti fruſtra Sachariſſæ ardebat amore
Haud Deus ipſe olim Daphni majora canebat,
Nec fuit aſperior Daphne, nec pulchrior illa:

Carmi-

Carminibus Phœbo dignis premit ille fugacem
Per rupes, per ſaxa, volans per florida vates
Paſcua, formoſam nunc his componere Nympham,
Nunc illis crudelem inſana mente ſolebat:
Audiit illa procul miſerum, Citheramque ſonantem,
Audiit, at nullis reſpexit mota quærelis;
Ne tamen omnino caneret, deſertus, ad alta
Sidera perculſi, referunt nova carmina montes.
Sic non quæſitis cumulatus laudibus olim
Elapſa reperit Daphni ſua laurea Phœbus.

Of Mrs. Arden.

BEhold, and liſten, while the fair
Breaks in ſweet ſounds the willing air,
And with her own breath fans the Fire
Which her bright eyes do firſt inſpire.
What reaſon can that Love controul,
Which more than one way courts the ſoul?

So when a flash of Ligtning falls
On our Abodes, the danger calls
For humane Aid, which hopes the Flame
To conquer, though from Heaven it came:
But if the Winds with that conspire,
Men strive not, but deplore the Fire.

To *Amorett.*

FAir, that you may truly know
What you unto *Thirsis* owe,
I will tell you how I do
Sachariſſa love and you.

Joy salutes me when I set
My blest eyes on *Amorett*:
But with wonder I am strook
When I on the other look.

If

If ſweet *Amoret* complains,
I have ſenſe of all her pains;
But for *Sachariſſa* I
Do not only Grieve, but Die.

All that of my ſelf is mine
Lovely *Amoret* is thine;
Sachariſſa's captive fain
Would untie his iron chain,

And thoſe ſcorching Beams to ſhun
To thy gentler ſhadow run:
If the ſoul had free Election
To diſpoſe of her affection,
I would not thus long have born
Haughty *Sachariſſa*'s ſcorn;
But 'tis ſure ſome power above,
Which controuls our Will in Love.

If not Love, a ſtrong deſire
To create and ſpread that Fire
In my Breaſt, ſolicites me
Beauteous *Amoret*, for thee.

'Tis Amazement, more than Love
Which her radiant eyes do move;
If leſs ſplendor wait on thine,
Yet they ſo benignly ſhine,

I would turn my dazelled ſight
To behold their milder light,
But as hard 'tis to deſtroy
That high Flame, as to enjoy;
Which, how eaſily I may do
Heaven (as eaſily ſcal'd) does know.
Amoret, as ſweet and good
As the moſt delicious Food,

Which

Which but taſted does impart
Life and gladneſs to the heart,
Sachariſſa's beauties Wine,
Which to madneſs doth incline;
Such a Liquor as no Brain
That is mortal can ſuſtain.
Scarce can I to Heaven excuſe
That Devotion which I uſe
Unto that adored Dame;
For 'tis not unlike the ſame
Which I thither ought to ſend:
So that if it could take end
'Twould to Heaven it ſelf be due
To ſucceed her, and not you,
Who already have of me
All that's not Idolatry;
Which though not ſo fierce a Flame
Is longer like to be the ſame.

Then ſmile on me, and I will prove,
Wonder is ſhorter liv'd than Love.

On the head of a Stag.

SO we ſome antick *Hero*'s ſtrength
Learn by his Launces weight and length;
As theſe vaſt beams expreſs the beaſt,
Whoſe ſhady brows alive they dreſt;
Such game, while yet the world was new,
The mighty *Nimrod* did purſue.
What Huntſman of our feeble Race,
Or Dogs dare ſuch a Monſter chaſe?
Reſembling with each blow he ſtrikes
The charge of a whole Troop of Pikes.
O fertile Head, which every year
Could ſuch a crop of wonder bear!
The teeming earth did never bring
So ſoon, ſo heard, ſo huge a thing;

Which

Which might it never have been caſt,
Each years growth added to the laſt,
Theſe lofty Branches had ſupply'd
The Earths bold Sons, prodigious Pride;
Heaven with theſe Engines had been ſcal'd,
When Mountains heap'd on Mountains fail'd.

To a Lady in a Garden.

SEes not my Love how Time reſumes
The Glory which he lent theſe Flowers;
Though none ſhould taſte of their perfumes,
Yet muſt they live but ſome few hours,
Time what we forbear devours.

Had *Hellen* or th'Egyptian Queen,
Been nere ſo thrifty of their Graces,
Thoſe Beauties muſt at length have been
The ſpoil of Age which finds out faces
In the moſt retired places.

Should

Should ſome malignant Planet bring
A barren drought, or ceaſeleſs Shower
Upon the Autumn or the Spring,
And ſpare us neither Fruit nor Flower,
Winter would not ſtay an hour.

Could the reſolve of Loves neglect
Preſerve you from the violation
Of coming years, then more reſpect
Were due to ſo Divine a faſhion,
Nor would I indulge my paſſion.

The Miſers ſpeech in a Maſque.

BAlls of this Mettal ſlack'd Atlanta's pace
And on the Amorous Youth beſtow'd the Race;
Venus, the Nymphs mind meaſuring by her own,
Whom the rich ſpoils of Cities overthrown
Had proſtrated to *Mars*, could well adviſe
Th'adventurous Lover how to gain the prize:

Nor

Nor leſs may *Jupiter* to Gold aſcribe,
For when he turn'd himſelf into a Bribe
Who can blame *Danae*, or the brazen Tow'r,
That they with-ſtood not that Almighty ſhow'r?
Never till then, did Love make *Jove* put on
A Form more bright, and Nobler than his own;
Nor were it juſt would he reſume that ſhape
That ſlack Devotion ſhould his Thunder ſcape.
'Twas not Revenge for griev'd *Apollo*'s wrong
Thoſe Aſſes ears on *Mida*'s Temples hung,
But fond Repentance of his happy wiſh,
Becauſe his Meat grew Mettal like his Diſh.
Would *Bacchus* bleſs me ſo, I'de conſtant hold
Unto my wiſh, and dye Creating Gold.

On the friendſhip betwixt two Ladies.

TEll me Lovely loving Pair,
Why ſo kind, and ſo ſevere?
Why ſo careleſs of our care,
Only to your ſelves ſo dear?

By this cunning change of hearts,
You the power of Love controul,
While the Boys deluded Darts,
Can arrive at neither ſoul.

For in vain to either Breaſt
Still beguiled Love does come,
Where he finds a forreign Gueſt,
Neither of your hearts at home.

Debtors thus with like deſign,
When they never mean to pay,

That

That they may the Law decline,
To ſome friend make all away.

Not the ſilver Doves that flie,
Yoakt in *Citharea*'s Car
Not the wings that lift ſo high,
And convey her Son ſo far,

Are ſo Lovely, Sweet, and Fair,
Or do more ennoble Love,
Are ſo choicely matcht a pair,
Or with more conſent do move.

Of her Chamber.

THey taſte of death that do at Heaven arrive,
But we this Paradiſe approach alive.
Inſtead of Death the dart of Love does ſtrike;
And renders all within theſe walls alike:

The high in Titles, and the Shepheard here
Forgets his Greatneſs, and forgets his Fear:
All ſtand amaz'd, and gazing on the fair,
Loſe thought of what themſelves, or others are;
Ambition loſe, and have no other ſcope,
Save *Carliſles* favour to imploy their hope.
The *Thracian* could (though all thoſe tales were tru
The bold Greeks tell) no greater wonders do;
Before his feet, ſo Sheep and Lions lay
Fearleſs and wrathleſs, while they heard him play;
The Gay, the Wiſe, the Gallant, and the Grave,
Subdu'd alike, all, but one paſſion have:
No worthy mind but finds in hers there is
Something proportion'd to the rule of his:
Whilſt ſhe with cheerful but impartial grace,
(Born for no one, but to delight the race
Of men) like *Phœbus*, ſo divides her light,
And warms us, that, ſhe ſtoops not from her height.

Of loving at firſt ſight.

NOt caring to obſerve the Wind,
Or the new Sea explore,
Snatcht from my ſelf, how far behind,
Already I behold the ſhoar.

May not a thouſand dangers ſleep
In the ſmooth boſome of this deep?
No: 'tis ſo Rockleſs and ſo Clear,
That the rich bottom does appear
Pav'd all with pretious things not torn
From ſhipwrackt veſſels, but there born.

Sweetneſs, Truth, and every Grace,
Which time and uſe are wont to teach,
The eye may in a moment reach,
And read diſtinctly in her face.

Some other Nymph with Colours faint,
And penſil ſlow may *Cupid* paint,
And a weak heart in time deſtroy;
She has a ſtamp, and prints the Boy,
Can with a ſingle look inflame
The coldeſt Breaſt, the rudeſt tame.

The Self baniſhed.

IT is not that I love you leſs
than when before your feet I lay:
But to prevent the ſad encreaſe
Of hopeleſs Love, I keep away.

In vain (alas) for every thing
Which I have known belong to you,
Your Form does to my Fancy bring,
And makes my old wounds bleed anew.

Who

Who in the Spring from the new Sun,
Already has a Feaver got,
Too late begins thoſe ſhafts to ſhun,
Which *Phœbus* through his veins has ſhot,

Too late he would the pain aſſwage,
And to thick ſhadows does retire;
About with him he bears the rage,
And in his tainted bloud the Fire.

But vow'd I have, and never muſt
Your baniſht ſervant trouble you;
For if I break, you may miſtruſt
The vow I made to love you too.

SONG.

GO lovely Roſe,
Tell her that waſtes her time and me,

That now ſhe knows
When I reſemble her to thee,
How ſweet and fair ſhe ſeems to be.

Tell her that's young,
And ſhuns to have her Graces ſpy'd,
That hadſt thou ſprung
In Deſarts, where no men abide,
Thou muſt have uncommended dy'd.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer her ſelf to be deſir'd,
And not bluſh ſo to be admir'd.

Then die, that ſhe,
The common fate of all things rare,
May read in thee

How

How ſmall a part of time they ſhare,
That are ſo wondrous ſweet and fair.

Thirſis, Galatea.

Th. AS lately I on Silver *Thames* did ride,
Sad *Galatea* on the Bank I ſpy'd:
Such was her look as ſorrow taught to ſhine,
And thus ſhe grac'd me with a voice Divine.

Gal. You that can tune your ſounding ſtrings ſo well
Of Ladies Beauties, and of Love to tell;
Once change your Note, and let your Lute report
The juſteſt grief that ever toucht the Court.

Th. Fair Nymph, I have in your Delights no ſhare,
Nor ought to be concerned in your care:
Yet would I ſing, if I your ſorrows knew,
And to my aid invoke no Muſe but you:

Gal. Hear then, and let your ſong augment our grief,
Which is ſo great, as not to wiſh relief:
She that had all which Nature gives or Chance,
Whom Fortune joyn'd with Virtue to advance,
To all the joyes this Iſland could afford
The greateſt Miſtriſs, and the kindeſt Lord:
Who with the Royal mixt her Noble bloud,
And in high Grace with *Gloriana* ſtood,
Her Bounty, Sweetneſs, Beauty, Goodneſs, ſuch,
That none e're thought her happineſs too much:
So well inclin'd her favours to confer,
And kind to all, as Heaven had been to her,
The Virgins part, the Mother, and the Wife,
So well ſhe acted in this ſpan of life,
That though few years (too few alas) ſhe told,
She ſeem'd in all things but in Beauty old.
As unripe Fruit, whoſe verdant ſtalks do cleave
Cloſe to the Tree, which grieves no leſs to leave

The

The ſmiling pendant which adorns her ſo,
And until Autumn, on the Bough ſhould grow:
So ſeem'd her youthful ſoul not eaſily forc't,
Or from ſo fair, ſo ſweet a ſeat divorc't.
Her fate at once did haſty ſeem and ſlow,
At once too cruel and unwilling too.

Th. Under how hard a Law are Mortals born!
Whom now we envy we anon muſt mourn:
What Heaven ſets higheſt, and ſeems moſt to prize,
Is ſoon removed from our wondring eyes:
But ſince the Sifters did ſo ſoon untwine
ſo fair a Thread, I'll ſtrive to piece the line.
Vouchſafe ſad Nymph to let me know the Dame,
And to the Muſes I'll commend her name,
Make the wide Countrey eccho to your moan,
The liſtning Trees and ſavage Mountains groan:
What Rocks not moved when the death is ſung
Of one ſo good, ſo lovely, and ſo young?

'Twas

Gal. 'Twas *Hamilton* whom I had nam'd befo.
But naming her, Grief lets me ſay no more.

The Battel of the Summer-Iſlands.

Cant. I.

What Fruits they have, and how Heaven ſmiles
Upon thoſe late diſcovered Iſles.

AId me *Bellona* while the dreadful Fight
Betwixt a Nation and two Whales I write:
Seas ſtain'd with goar, I ſing, advent'rous toyl,
And how theſe Monſters did diſarm an Iſle.

Bermudas wall'd with Rocks, who does not know
That happy Iſland where huge Lemons grow,
And Orange trees which Golden Fruit do bear,
Th'Heſperian Garden boaſts of none ſo fair?
Where ſhining Pearl, Coral, and many a pound
On the rich Shore, of Amber-greece is found:

The

The lofty Cedar which to Heaven aſpires,
The Prince of Trees is fewel for their Fires:
The ſmoak by which their loaded ſpits do turn,
For incenſe might, on Sacred Altars burn.
Their private Roofs on od'rous Timber born,
Such as might Palaces for Kings adorn:
The ſweet *Palmettas*, a new *Bacchus* yield
With Leaves as ample as the broadeſt ſhield:
Under the ſhadow of whoſe friendly Boughs
They ſit carowſing, where their Liquor grows:
Figs there unplanted through the Fields do grow,
Such as fierce *Cato* did the *Romans* ſhow,
With the rare fruit inviting them to ſpoil
Carthage the Miſtriſs of ſo rich a ſoil:
The naked Rocks are not unfruitful there,
But at ſome conſtant ſeaſons every year,
Their barren tops with luſcious Food abound,
And with the eggs of various Fowls are crown'd:

Tobacco

Tobacco is the worſt of things which they
To *Engliſh* Land-lords as their Tribute pay:
Such is the Mould that the Bleſt Tenant feeds
On precious Fruits, and pays his Rent in Weeds:
With candid Plantines, and the jucy Pine,
On choiceſt Melons and ſweet Grapes they dine,
And with Potatoes fat their wanton Swine:
Nature theſe Cates with ſuch a laviſh hand
Pours out among them, that our courſer Land
Taſtes of that bounty, and does Cloth return,
Which not for Warmth, but Ornament is worn:
For the kind Spring which but ſalutes us here
Inhabits there, and courts them all the year:
Ripe Fruits and bloſſoms on the ſame Trees live,
At once they promiſe what at once they give,
So ſweet the Air, ſo moderate the Clime,
None ſickly lives, or dies before his time.
Heaven ſure has kept this ſpot of earth uncurſt

To

To ſhew how all things were Created firſt.
The tardy plants in our cold Orchards plac'd,
Reſerve their Fruits for the next ages taſte:
There a ſmall grain in ſome few Moneths will be
A firm, a lofty, and a ſpacious Tree:
The *Palma Chriſti*, and the fair *Papah*,
Now but a ſeed (preventing Natures law)
In half the Circle of the haſty year
Project a ſhade, and lovely fruits do wear:
And as their Trees in our dull Region ſet
But faintly grow, and no perfection get;
So in this *Northern* Tract our hoarſer Throats
Utter unripe and ill-conſtrained notes,
Where the ſupporter of the Poets ſtyle,
Phœbus on them eternally does ſmile.
O how I long my careleſs Limbs do lay
Under the Plantanes ſhade, and all the day
With am'rous Airs my fancy entertain,

Invoke the Muſes, and improve my vein!
No paſſion there in my free breaſt ſhould move,
None but the ſweet and beſt of paſſions Love:
There while I ſing, if gentle Love be by
That tunes my Lute, and winds the Strings ſo high,
With the ſweet ſound of *Sachariſſa*'s name,
I'll make the liſtning Savages grow tame.
But while I do theſe pleaſing dreams indite,
I am diverted from the promis'd fight.

Canto II.

Of their alarm, and how their Foes
Diſcovered were, this Canto *ſhows.*

THough Rocks ſo high about this Iſland riſe,
That well they may the num'rous Turk deſpiſe,
Yet is no humane fate exempt from fear
Which ſhakes their hearts, while through the Iſle (hea
they
A

A laſting noiſe, as horrid and as loud
As Thunder makes, before it breaks the Cloud.
Three days they dread this murmur, e're they know
From what blind cauſe th'unwonted ſound may grow:
At length Two Monſters of unequal ſize,
Hard by the ſhoar a Fiſher-man eſpies;
Two mighty Whales, which ſwelling Seas had toſt,
And left them priſoners on the rocky Coaſt;
One as a Mountain vaſt, and with her came
A Cub not much inferior to his Dame:
Here in a Pool among the Rocks engag'd,
They roar'd like Lions, caught in toyls and rag'd:
The man knew what they were, who heretofore
Had ſeen the like lie murdered on the ſhore,
By the wild fury of ſome Tempeſt caſt
The fate of ſhips and ſhipwrackt men to taſte;
As careleſs Dames whom Wine and Sleep betray
To frantick dreams their Infants overlay:

So

So there ſometimes the raging Ocean fails,
And her own brood expoſes, when the Whales
Againſt ſharp Rocks like reeling veſſels quaſht,
Though huge as Mountains, are in pieces daſht;
Along the ſhore their dreadful Limbs lie ſcatter'd,
Like Hills with Earthquakes ſhaken, torn & ſhatter'd:
Hearts ſure of Braſs they had, who tempted firſt,
Rude Seas that ſpare not what themſelves have nurſt.
The welcome news through all the Nation ſpread,
To ſudden joy and hope converts their dread.
What lately was their publique terror, they
Behold with glad eyes as a certain prey;
Diſpoſe already of th'untaken ſpoil,
And as the purchaſe of their future toil,
Theſe ſhare the Bones, and they divide the Oyl;
So was the Huntſman by the Bear oppreſt,
Whoſe Hide he ſold before he caught the Beaſt.

They

They man their Boats and all their young men arm
With whatſoever may the Monſters harm;
Pikes, Holberts, Spits and Darts that wound ſo far,
The Tools of Peace, and Inſtruments of War:
Now was the time for vig'rous lads to ſhew
What Love or Honour could invite them to;
A goodly Theater where Rocks are round
With reverend age, and lovely Laſſes crown'd:
Such was the Lake which held this dreadful pair
Within the bounds of Noble *Warwicks* ſhare:
Warwicks bold Earl, than which no Title bears
A greater ſound among our Britiſh Peers;
And worthy he the memory to renew,
The Fate and Honour to that Title due;
Whoſe brave adventures have transferr'd his name,
And through the new world ſpread his growing Fame;
But how they fought, and what their valour gain'd,
Shall in another Canto be contain'd.

Canto. III.

The bloudy fight, ſucceſsleſs toyl,
And how the Fiſhes ſack'd the Iſle.

THe Boat which on the firſt aſſault did go
Struck with a harping Iron the younger Foe;
Who when he felt his ſide ſo rudely goar'd
Loud as the Sea that nouriſht him he roar'd;
As a broad Bream to pleaſe ſome curious taſte,
While yet alive in boyling water caſt,
Vext with unwonted heat, boyls, flings about
The ſcorching Braſs, and hurls the Liquor out:
So with the barbed Javeling ſtung, he raves,
And ſcourges with his tail the ſuffering waves:
Like *Spencer's Talus* with his iron flail,
He threatens ruine with his pondrous Tail;

Diſſolving

Diſſolving at one ſtroke the battered Boat,
And down the Men fall drenched in the Moat:
With every fierce encounter they are forc't
To quit their Boats, and fare like men unhors'd.

The bigger Whale like ſome huge Carrack lay,
Which wanteth Sea-room, with her foes to play;
Slowly ſhe ſwims, and when provok'd ſhe woo'd
Advance her tail, her Head ſalutes the Mudd,
The ſhallow water doth her force infringe,
And renders vain her tails impetuous ſwinge,
The ſhining ſteel her tender ſides receive,
And there like Bees they all their weapons leave.

This ſees the Cub, and does himſelf oppoſe
Betwixt his cumbred Mother and her Foes:
With deſperate courage he receives her wounds,
And Men and Boats his active tail confounds.
Their Forces joyn'd, the Seas with Billows fill,
And make a Tempeſt though the Winds be ſtill,

Now would the men with half their hoped prey
Be well content, and wish this Cub away:
Their wish they have, he to direct his Dam
Unto the Gap through which they thither came,
Before her swims, and quits the hostile Lake,
A pris'ner there, but for his Mothers sake.
She by the Rocks compell'd to stay behind,
Is by the vastness of her bulk confin'd.
They shout for joy, and now on her alone
Their fury falls, and all their Darts are thrown.
Their Launces spent; one bolder than the rest
With his broad sword provok'd the sluggish Beast:
Her oily side devours both blade and heft,
And there his Steel the bold *Bermudian* left.
Courage the rest from his example take,
And now they change the colour of the Lake:
Bloud flows in Rivers from her wounded side,
As if they would prevent the tardy Tide;

And

And raiſe the Floud to that propitious height,
As might convey her from this fatal ſtreight.
She ſwims in bloud, and bloud does ſpouting throw
To Heaven, that Heaven mens cruelties might know.
Their fixed Javelins in her ſides ſhe wears,
And on her back a grove of Pikes appears.
You would have thought had you the Monſter ſeen
Thus dreſt, ſhe had another Iſland been:
Roaring ſhe tears the Air with ſuch a noiſe,
(As well reſembled the confpiring voice
Of routed Armies, when the Field is won),
To reach the ears of her eſcaped Son.
He (though a League removed from the Foe)
Haſtes to her aid, the pious *Trojan* ſo
Neglecting for *Creuſas* life his own,
Repeats the dangers of the burning Town;
The men amazed, bluſh to ſee the ſeed
Of Monſters, humane Piety exceed,

Well proves this kindness what the Grecians sung,
That Loves bright Mother from the Ocean sprung.
Their courage droops, and hopeless now they wish
For composition with th'unconquer'd Fish;
So she their weapons would restore again,
Through Rocks they'd hew her passage to the main.
But how instructed in each others mind,
Or what commerce can men with Monsters find?
Not daring to approach their wounded Foe,
Whom her couragious Son protected so,
They charge their Muskets, and with hot desire
Of fell revenge, renew the Fight with Fire.
Standing aloof with Lead they bruise the scales,
And tear the flesh of the incensed Whales.
But no success their fierce endeavours found,
Nor this way could they give one fatal wound.
Now to their Fort they are about to send
For the loud Engins which their Isle defend.

But

But what thoſe pieces fram'd to batter walls
Would have effected on thoſe mighty Whales,
Great *Neptune* will not have us know, who ſends
A Tide ſo high, that it relieves his friends.
And thus they parted with exchange of harms;
Much bloud the Monſters loſt, and they their Arms.

SONG.

PEace babling Muſe,
I dare not ſing what you indite;
Her eyes refuſe
To read the paſſion which they write;
She ſtrikes my Lute, but if it ſound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no leſs her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead,
While ſome fierce Lion does embrace
His breathleſs Corps, and licks his Face;

Wrapt up in silent fear he lies,
Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Of Love.

ANger in hasty words or blows,
It self discharges on our foes.
And sorrow too finds some relief,
In tears which wait upon our grief;
So every passion, but fond Love,
Unto its own redress does move.
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disordre, tremble, fawn and creep,
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be priz'd.
For Women born to be controul'd
Stoop to the forward and the bold,

Affect

Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frollick, and the loud;
Who firſt the gen'rous ſteed oppreſt,
Not kneeling, did ſalute the Beaſt;
But with high Courage, Life, and Force
Approaching tam'd th'unruly Horſe.
Unwiſely we the wiſer *Eaſt*
Pitty, ſuppoſing them oppreſt
With Tyrants force, whoſe Law is Will,
By which they govern, ſpoil and kill;
Each Nymph but moderately fair,
Commands with no leſs Rigor here.
Should ſome brave Turk that walks among
His Twenty Laſſes bright and young,
And beckens to the willing Dame
Preferr'd to quench his preſent Flame,
Behold as many Gallants here,
With Modeſt guiſe, and Silent fear,

All

All to one Femal Idol bend,
Whilſt her high pride does ſcarce deſcend
To mark their folkies, he would ſwear
That theſe her guard of Eunuchs were;
And that a more Majeſtique Queen,
Or humbler ſlaves he had not ſeen.
All this with indignation ſpoke,
In vain I ſtrugled with the yoke
Of mighty Love that conquering look,
When next beheld like lightning ſtrook
My blaſted ſoul, and made me bow
Lower than thoſe I pitied now.
So the tall Stag upon the brink
Of ſome ſmooth Stream about to drink,
Surveying there is armed Head,
With ſhame remembers that he fled
The ſcorned Dogs, reſolves to try
The combat next, but if their cry

Invades again his trembling ear,
He ſtraight reſumes his wonted care,
Leaves the untaſted Spring behind,
And wing'd with fear, out-flies the wind.

To Phillis.

PHillis, why ſhould we delay
Pleaſures ſhorter then the day?
Could we (which we never can)
Stretch our lives beyond their ſpan,
Beauty like a ſhadow flies,
And our youth before us dies;
Or would youth and Beauty ſtay.
Love has wings, and will away.
Love has ſwifter wings than Time;
Change in Love to Heaven does climb.
Gods that never change their ſtate,
Vary oft their Love and Hate;

Phillis, to this Truth we owe,
All the love betwixt us Two:
Let not you and I require,
What has been our past desire,
On what Shepherds you have smil'd,
Or what Nymphs I have beguil'd;
Leave it to the Planets to,
What we shall hereafter do;
For the joys we now may prove,
Take advice of present Love.

To Phillis.

PHillis, 'twas Love that injur'd you,
And on that Rock your *Thirsis* threw,
Who for proud *Cælia* could have dy'd,
Whilst you no less accus'd his pride.
Fond Love his darts at random throws,
And nothing springs from what he sows;

From

From foes diſcharg'd as often meet
The ſhining points of Arrows fleet
In the wide Air creating Fire,
As ſouls that joyn in one deſire.
Love made the lovely *Venus* burn
In vain, and for the cold youth mourn,
Who the purſute of churliſh Beaſts,
Preferr'd to ſleeping on her Breaſts.
Love makes ſo many hearts the prize,
Of the bright *Carliſles* conquering eyes,
Which ſhe regards no more than they,
The tears of leſſer Beauties weigh:
So have I ſeen the loſt Clouds pour,
Into the Sea a uſeleſs ſhower,
And the vext Sailors curſe the rain,
For which poor Shepherds pray'd in vain.
Then *Phillis*, ſince our paſſions are
Govern'd by chance, and not the care

But ſport of Heaven, which takes delight
To look upon this *Parthian* flight
Of Love, ſtill flying or in chaſe,
Never encountring face to face,
No more to love we'll ſacrifice,
But to the beſt of Deities;
And let our hearts which Love diſjoyn'd,
By his kind Mother he combin'd.

SONG.

WHile I liſten to thy voice,
(*Chloris*) I feel my life decay,
That powerful noiſe
Calls my flitting ſoul away,
Oh ſuppreſs that Magick ſound,
Which deſtroys without a wound!

Peace *Chloris* peace, or ſinging die.
That together you and I,
To Heaven may go,
For all we know,
Of what the Bleſſed do above
s, that they Sing, and that they Love.

SONG.

STay *Phœbus*, ſtay,
The world to which you flie ſo faſt,
Conveying day
From us to them, can pay your haſte,
With no ſuch object, nor ſalute your riſe
With no ſuch wonder as *de Mornay*'s eyes;

Well does this prove,
The error of thoſe antique Books,
Which made you move,
About the world; her charming Looks

Would

Would fix your beams, and make it ever day,
Did not the rowling Earth ſnatch her away.

To *Amorett.*

Amoret, the Milky way,
Fram'd of many nameleſs ſtars,
The ſmooth ſtream where none can ſay,
He this drop to that prefers;

Amoret, my lovely Foe,
Tell me where thy ſtrength does lie,
Where the power that charms us ſo,
In thy Soul or in thy Eye?

By that ſnowy neck alone,
Or thy Grace in Motion ſeen,
No ſuch wonders could be done:
Yet thy Waſte is ſtraight and clean,

As *Cupids* ſhaft, or *Hermes* rod;
And powerful too, as either God.

To my Lord of Falkland.

BRave *Holland* leads, and with him *Falkland* goes,
Who hears this told, and does not ſtraight ſuppoſe
We ſend the Graces and the Muſes forth,
To civilize, and to inſtruct the *North*?
Not that theſe ornaments make ſwords leſs ſharp;
Apollo bears as well his Bow as Harp;
And though he be the Patron of that Spring,
Where in calm peace the Sacred Virgins ſing,
He courage had to guard th'invaded Throne
Of *Jove*, and caſt th'ambitious Giants down.
Ah (noble Friend) with what impatience all
That know thy worth, and know how prodigal
Of thy great Soul thou art, longing to twiſt
Bays with that Ivy, which ſo early kiſt

Thy youthful Temples, with what horror we
Think on the blind events of war and thee?
To Fate expoſing that all-knowing breaſt,
Among the throng as cheaply as the reſt:
Where Oaks and Brambles (if the Cops be burn'd)
Confounded lie to the ſame Aſhes turn'd:
So me happy wind over the Ocean blow!
This Tempeſt yet, which frights our Iſland ſo;
Guarded with ſhips, and all the Sea our own,
From Heaven this miſchief on our heads is thrown.
In a late dream the *Genius* of this Land,
Amaz'd, I ſaw, like the fair *Hebrew* ſtand,
When firſt ſhe felt the Twins begin to jar,
And found her womb the ſeat of Civil war:
Inclin'd to whoſe relief, and with preſage
Of better fortune for the preſent age,
Heaven ſends quoth I, this diſcord for our good,
To warm, perhaps, but not to waſte our bloud,

To raiſe our drooping ſpirits, grown the ſcorn
Of our proud neighbours, who e're long ſhall mourn,
(Though now they joy in our expected harms)
We had occaſion to reſume our Arms.
A Lion ſo with ſelf-provoking ſmart,
His rebel tail ſcourging his Nobler part,
Calls up his courage, then begins to roar,
And charge his foes, who thought him mad before.

For drinking of Healths.

LEt Bruits and Vegetals, that cannot think,
So far as drought and nature urges, drink:
A more indulgent Miſtriſs guides our ſprights,
Reaſon, that dares beyond our appetites,
She would our Care as well as Thirſt redreſs,
And with Divinity rewards exceſs;
Deſerted *Ariadne* thus ſuyply'd,
Did perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty deride,

Bacchus imbrac'd from her exalted thought
Baniſh'd the man, her paſſion, and his fault;
Bacchus and *Phœbus* are by *Jove* ally'd,
And each by others timely heat ſupply'd:
All that the Grapes owe to his ripening fires,
Is paid in numbers which their juyce inſpires.
Wine fills the veins, and healths are underſtood,
To give our Friends a Title to our Blood:
Who naming me, doth warm his courage ſo,
Shews for my ſake what his bold hand would do.

On my Lady Iſeabella *playing on the Lute.*

SUch moving ſounds, from ſuch a careleſs touch,
So unconcern'd her ſelf, and we ſo much!
What Art is this, that with ſo little pains
Tranſports us thus, and o'r our ſpirit reigns?
The trembling ſtrings about her fingers crow'd,
And tell their joy for every kiſs aloud:

Small

Small force there needs to make them tremble ſo,
Touch't by that hand who would not tremble too?
Here Love takes ſtand, and while ſhe charms the ear,
Empties his quiver on the liſtning Deer;
Muſick ſo ſoftens and diſarms the mind,
That not an Arrow does reſiſtance find.
Thus the fair Tyrant celebrates the prize,
And acts her ſelf the triumph of her eyes.
So *Nero* once, with Harp in hand ſurvey'd
His flaming *Rome*, and as it burnt he playd.

To a Lady ſinging a Song of his Compoſing.

Chloris your ſelf you ſo excel
When you vouchſafe to breath my thought,
That like a ſpirit with this ſpell
Of my own teaching I am caught.

That Eagles fate, and mine are one,
Which on the ſhaft that made him die,
Eſpy'd a feather of his own
Wherewith he wont to ſoar ſo high.

Had Eccho with ſo ſweet a grace,
Narciſſus loud complaints return'd,
Not for reflexion of his face,
But of his voice the Boy had burn'd.

Of the marriage of the Dwarfs.

DEſign or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this Match contrive;
Eve might as well have *Adam* fled,
As ſhe deny'd her little Bed
To him, for whom Heaven ſeem'd to frame,
And meaſure out this only Dame.

Thrice happy is that humble pair
Beneath the level of all care;
Over whoſe heads thoſe Arrows flie
Of ſad diſtruſt and jealouſie;
Secured in as high extream,
As if the world held none but them.

To him the faireſt Nymphs do ſhow
Like moving Mountains topt with ſnow;
And every Man a *Polipheme*
Does to his *Galatea* ſeem;
None may preſume her faith to prove,
He profers Death that proffers Love.

Ah (*Chloris*) that kind nature thus
From all the world had ſever'd us,
Creating for our ſelves us two,
As Love has me for only you.

Loves farewell.

TReading the path to Nobler ends,
A long farewel to Love I gave;
Resolv'd my Countrey and my Friends
All that remain'd of me should have;
And this Resolve no mortal Dame,
None but those eyes could have o'rthrown.
The Nymph, I dare not, need not name,
So high, so like her self alone.
Thus the tall Oak which now aspires
Above the fear of private Fires,
Grown and design'd for nobler use,
Not to make warm, but build the house,
Though from our meaner flames secure,
Must that which falls from Heaven indure.

From

From a Child.

Madam,

AS in ſome Climes the warmer Sun
Makes it full Summer e're the Spring's begun,
And with ripe fruit the bending boughs can load,
Before our Violets dare look abroad:
So meaſure not by any common uſe,
The early Love your brighter eyes produce;
When lately your fair hand in womans weed,
Wrap't my glad head, I wiſh't me ſo indeed,
That haſty time might never make me grow
Out of thoſe favours you afford me now;
That I might ever ſuch indulgence find,
And you not bluſh, or think your ſelf too kind,
Who now I fear while I theſe joys expreſs,
Begin to think how you may make them leſs;

The

The ſound of Love makes your ſoft heart afraid,
And guard it ſelf, though but a Child invade,
And innocently at your white breaſt throw
A Dart as white, a Ball of new faln ſnow.

On a Girdle.

THat which her ſlender waſte confin'd,
Shall now my joyful Temples bind;
No Monarch but would give his Crown
His Arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heavens extreameſt Sphear,
The Pale which held that lovely Dear;
My Joy, my Grief, my Hope, my Love,
Did all within this Circle move.

A narrow compaſs, and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair:

Give

Give me but what this Riban bound,
Take all the reſt, the Sun goes round.

The Apology of Sleep.

For not approaching the Lady who can do any thing but ſleep when ſhe pleaſeth.

MY charge it is, thoſe breaches to repair
Which nature takes from ſorrow, toil and care.
Reſt to the Limbs, and quiet I confer
On troubled minds; but nought can add to her (plac'd
Whom Heaven and her tranſcendent thoughts have
Above thoſe ills, which wretched Mortals taſte.

Bright as the deathleſs gods, and happy ſhe
From all that may infringe delight, is free:
Love at her Royal feet his quiver lays,
And not his Mother with more haſte obeys,

Such

Such real pleaſures, ſuch true joys ſuſpence,
What dream can I preſent to recompenſe?
Should I with lightning fill her awful hand,
And make the Clouds ſeem all at her command;
Or place her in *Olimpus* top, a gueſt
Among th'immortals, who with Nectar feaſt:
That power would ſeem that entertainment ſhort
Of the true ſplendor of her preſent Court;
Where all the Joys and all the Glories are
Of Three great Kingdoms, ſever'd from the care.
I that of fumes and humid vapours made,
Aſcending do the ſeat of ſenſe invade,
No Cloud in ſo ſerene a Manſion find,
To over-caſt her ever-ſhining mind,
Which holds reſemblance with thoſe ſpotleſs Skies,
Where flowing *Nilus* want of Rain ſupplies.
That Chriſtal Heaven, where *Phœbus* never ſhrouds
His golden beams, nor wraps his face in Clouds.

But what ſo hard which numbers cannot force?
So ſtoops the Moon, and Rivers change their courſe.
The bold *Maonian* made me dare to ſteep
Joves dreadful Temples in the dew of ſleep.
And ſince the Muſes do invoke my power,
I ſhall no more decline that Sacred Bower
Where *Gloriana* their great Miſtriſs lies,
But gently taming thoſe victorious eyes,
Charm all her ſenſes; till the joyful Sun
Without a Rival half his courſe has run:
Who while my hand that fairer light confines
May boaſt himſelf the brighteſt thing that ſhines.

At Penſ-hurſt.

WHile in the Park I ſing, the liſtning Deer
Attend my paſſion, and forget to fear.
When to the Beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads as if they felt the ſame:

To

To Gods appealing, when I reach their bowrs
With loud complaints, they anſwer me in ſhowrs.
To thee a wild and cruel ſoul is given,
More deaf than Trees, and prouder than the Heaven.
Loves Foe profeſt, why doſt thou falſly feign
Thy ſelf a *Sidney*? from which Noble ſtrain
He ſprung, that could ſo far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our Nation with his Flame,
That all we can of Love or high deſire,
Seems but the ſmoak of amorous *Sidneys* fire.
Nor call her Mother, who ſo well do's prove,
One breaſt may hold both Chaſtity and Love.
Never can ſhe, that ſo exceeds the Spring
In Joy and Bounty, be ſuppos'd to bring
One ſo deſtructive; to no humane ſtock
We owe this fierce unkindneſs, but the Rock,
That cloven Rock produc'd thee, by whoſe ſide
Nature to recompence the fatal pride

Of ſuch ſtern Beauty, plac'd thoſe healing ſprings
Which not more help than that deſtruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged ſtone,
I might like *Orpheus* with my numerous moan
Melt to compaſſion; now my trait'rous ſong,
With thee conſpires to do the Singer wrong:
While thus I ſuffer not my ſelf to loſe
The memory of what augments my woes:
But with my own breath ſtill foment the Fire
Which flames as high as fancy can aſpire.

This laſt complaint th'indulgent ears did pierce
Of juſt *Apollo*, Preſident of Verſe,
Highly concerned, that the Muſe ſhould bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to ſing:
Thus he adviſ'd me, on you aged Tree,
Hang up thy Lute, and hye thee to the Sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce at leſt may with this paſſion find.

Ah

Ah cruel Nymph from whom her humble ſwain
Flies for relief unto the raging main;
And from the Winds and Tempeſts do's expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect:
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Bleſt in her choice, and vows this endleſs Love
Springs from no hope of what ſhe can confer,
But from thoſe gifts which Heaven has heap'd on her.

Another.

HAd *Sachariſſa* liv'd when Mortals made
Choice of their Deities, this Sacred ſhade
Had held an Altar to her power that gave
The Peace and Glory which theſe allays have
Embroidred ſo with Flowers where ſhe ſtood,
That it became a Garden of a Wood:
Her preſence has ſuch more than humane Grace
That it can civilize the rudeſt place,

And

And beauty too, and order can impart,
Where Nature ne't intended it, nor Art.
The plants acknowledge this, and her admire
No leſs than thoſe of old, did *Orpheus* Lire:
If ſhe ſit down, with tops all towards her bow'd:
They round about her into Arbors crowd;
Or if ſhe walk, in even ranks they ſtand
Like ſome well Marſhall'd and obſequious band.
Amphion ſo made ſtones and timber leap
Into fair figures from a confus'd heap:
And in the ſymmetry of her parts is found
A power like that of harmony in ſound.

Ye lofty Beeches, tell this matchleſs Dame,
That if together ye fed all on one Flame,
It could not equalize the hundredth part
Of what her eyes have kindled in my heart.
Go Boy, and carve this paſſion on the Bark
Of yonder Tree, which ſtands the ſacred mark

Of Noble *Sidneys* birth; when such benign,
Such more than mortal making stars did shine;
That there they cannot but for ever prove
The monument and pledge of humble Love:
His humble Love, whose hope shall ne'r rise higher
Than for a pardon that he dares admire.

To my Lord of Leicester.

NOt that thy Trees at *Pens-hurst* groan
Oppressed with their timely load,
And seem to make their silent moan,
That their great Lord is now abroad:
They to delight his taste or eye
Would spend themselves in fruit and dye.

Not that thy harmless Deer repine,
And think themselves unjustly slain
By any other hand than thine,
Whose Arrows they would gladly stain:

No

No nor thy friends which hold too dear
That peace with *France* which keeps thee there.

All theſe are leſs than that great cauſe,
Which now exacts your preſence here,
Wherein there meet the divers Laws
Of publick and domeſtick care.
For one bright Nymph our youth contends,
And on your prudent choice depends.

Not the bright ſhield of *Thetis* Sun,
For which ſuch ſtern debate did riſe,
That the Great *Ajax Telamon*
Refus'd to live without the Prize,
Thoſe Achive Peers did more engage,
Than ſhe the gallants of our age.

That beam of Beauty which begun
To warm us ſo when thou wert here,

Now ſcorches like the raging Sun
When *Syrius* does firſt appear.
O fix this Flame, and let deſpair
Redeem the reſt from endleſs care!

To a very young Lady.

WHy came I ſo untimely forth
Into a world which wanting thee
Could entertain us with no worth
Or ſhadow of felicity?
That time ſhould me ſo far remove
From that which I was born to love.

Yet faireſt bloſſom do not ſlight
That age which you may know ſo ſoon;
The Roſie Morn reſigns her light,
And milder Glory to the Noon:
And then what wonders ſhall you do,
Whoſe dawning Beauty warms us ſo?

Hope

Hope waits upon the flowry prime,
And Summer though it be leſs gay,
Yet is not lookt on as a time
Of declination or decay.
For with a full hand that does bring
All that was promis'd by the Spring.

SONG.

SAy lovely dream, where couldſt thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this Glorious kind,
Come not from any mortal place.

In Heaven it ſelf thou ſure wer't dreſt
With that Angel-like diſguiſe;
Thus deluded am I bleſt,
And ſee my joy with cloſed eyes.

But ah this Image is too kind
To be other than a dream!
Cruel *Sachariſſa*'s mind
Never put on that ſweet extreme.

Fair dream, if thou intendſt me grace
Change that Heavenly face of thine;
Paint deſpis'd Love in thy face,
And make it to appear like mine.

Pale, Wan, and Meager let it look,
With a pity-moving ſhape,
Such as wander by the Brook
Of *Lethe*, or from graves eſcape.

Then to that matchleſs Nymph appear,
In whoſe ſhape thou ſhineſt ſo,
Softly in her ſleeping ear,
With humble words expreſs my wo.

Perhaps

Perhaps from Greatneſs, State, and Pride,
Thus ſurpriſed ſhe may fall:
Sleep does diſproportion hide,
And death reſembling equals all.

SONG.

BEhold the brand of Beauty toſt;
See how the motion does dilate the Flame:
Delighted Love his ſpoils does boaſt,
And triumph in this game.
Fire to no place confin'd,
Is both our wonder and our fear,
Moving the mind,
As lightning hurled through the Air.

High Heaven the Glory does encreaſe
Of all her ſhining lamps this artful way,

The Sun in Figures ſuch as theſe
Joys with the Moon to play.
To the ſweet ſtrains they advance,
Which do reſult from their own ſpheres,
As this Nymphs dance,
Moves with the numbers which ſhe hears.

On the diſcovery of a Ladies Painting.

Pigmaleons fate reverſt is mine,
His marble Love took fleſh and bloud;
All that I worſhipt as Divine
That Beauty now 'tis underſtood,
Appears to have no more of life
Than that whereof he fram'd his wife.

As women yet who apprehend
Some ſudden cauſe of cauſeleſs fear,

Although

Although that ſeeming cauſe take end,
And they behold no danger near,
A ſhaking through their Limbs they find
Like leaves ſaluted by the wind:

So though the Beauty, do appear
No beauty, which amaz'd me ſo,
Yet from my breaſt I cannot tear
The paſſion which from thence did grow,
Nor yet out of my fancy raſe
The print of that ſuppoſed face.

A real Beauty, though too near,
The fond *Narciſſus* did admire;
I dote on that which is no where,
The ſign of Beauty feeds my fire;
No mortal Flame was e're ſo cruel
As this, which thus ſurvives the fuel.

To a Lady from whom he received a Silver Pen.

Madam,

INtending to have try'd
The silver Favour which you gave,
In Ink the shining point I dy'd,
And drench it in the sable wave:
When griev'd to be so fouly stain'd,
On you it thus to me complain'd.

Suppose you had deserv'd to take
From her fair hand so fair a boon,
Yet how deserved I to make
So ill a change, who ever won
Immortal praise for what I wrought,
Instructed by her Noble thought.

that expreſſed her commands
To mighty Lords and Princely Dames,
lways moſt welcome to their hands,
Proud that I would record their names,
uſt now be taught an humble ſtile
ome meaner Beauty to beguile.

o I the wronged Pen to pleaſe,
Make it my humble thanks expreſs
nto your Ladyſhip in theſe,
nd now 'tis forced to confeſs
hat your great ſelf did nere indite,
or that to one more Noble write.

---

n a Brede of divers Colours, woven by four Ladies.

TWice Twenty ſlender Virgin fingers twine
This curious Web where all their fancies ſhine;

As

As Nature them, so they this shade have wrought
Soft as their hands, and various as their thought.
Not *Juno*'s Bird when his fair train dispread,
He wooes the Female to his painted bed;
No not the bow which so adorns the Skies,
So Glorious is, or boasts so many dies.

To my Lord of Northumberland *upon the death of his Lady.*

TO this great loss a Sea of Tears is due,
But the whole debt not to be paid by you:
Charge not your self with all, nor render vain
Those showers the eyes of us your servants rain,
Shall grief contract the largeness of that heart,
In which, nor fear nor anger has a part?
Virtue would blush, if time should boast (which dries
Her sole child dead the tender Mothers eyes)

You

our minds relief, where reaſon triumphs ſo
ver all paſſions, that they ne't could grow
eyond their limits in your Noble breaſt,
o harm another or impeach your reſt.
his we obſerv'd, delighting to obey
ne who did never from his great ſelf ſtray:
Vhoſe mild example ſeemed to engage
h'obſequious Seas, and teach them not to rage.
he brave *Emilius* his great charge laid down,
The force of *Rome*, and fate of *Macedon*)
his loſt ſons did feel the cruel ſtroke
f changing fortune, and thus highly ſpoke
efore *Romes* people: we did oft implore
hat if the Heavens had any bad in ſtore
or your *Emilius*, they would pour that ill
n his own houſe, and let you flouriſh ſtill:
ou on the barren Sea (my Lord) have ſpent,
Vhole Springs and Summers to the publick lent:

Suſpended

Suſpended all the pleaſures of your life,
And ſhortned the ſhort joy of ſuch a wife:
For which your Countrey's more obliged then,
For many lives of old, leſs happy men.
You that have ſacrific'd ſo great a part
Of Youth and private bliſs, ought to impart
Your ſorrow too, and give your friends a right
As well in your Affliction, as Delight:
Then with *Emilian* courage bear this croſs,
Since publick perſons only publick loſs
Ought to affect, and though her form and youth,
Her application to your Will and Truth,
That Noble Sweetneſs, and that humble State
All ſnatch away by ſuch a haſty fate,
Might give excuſe to any common Breaſt,
With the huge weight of ſo juſt grief oppreſt;
Yet let no portion of your life be ſtain'd
With paſſion, but your character maintain'd

To the laſt Act; it is enough her Stone
May honoured be with Superſcription
Of the ſole Lady, who had power to move
The Great *Northumberland* to grieve and love.

To my Lord Admiral of his late Sickneſs and Recovery.

WIth joy like ours, the *Thracian* youth invades
Orpheus returning from th' *Elizian* ſhades,
Embrace the *Hero*, and his ſtay emplore,
Make it their publick ſuit, he would no more
deſert them ſo, and for his ſpouſes ſake,
His vaniſht Love, tempt the *Lethean* Lake:
The Ladies too, the brighteſt of that time,
Ambitious all his lofty bed to clime,
Their doubtful hopes with expectation feed
Who ſhall the fair *Euridice* ſucceed:

Euridice

Euridice for whom his num'rous moan
Makes liſtning Trees, and ſalvage Mountains groan:
Through all the Air his ſounding ſtrings dilate
Sorrow like that which touch our hearts of late.
Your pining ſickneſs, and your reſtleſs pain,
At once the Land affecting, and the main,
When the glad news that you were Admiral,
Scarce through the Nation, ſpread, 'twas fear'd by all,
That our Great *Charles*, whoſe wiſdom ſhines in you,
Would be perplexed how to chuſe a new.
So more than private was the joy and grief,
That at the worſt, it gave our ſouls relief:
That in our age ſuch ſenſe of vertue liv'd,
They joy'd ſo juſtly, and ſo juſtly griev'd:
Nature her faireſt lights eclipſed, ſeems
Her ſelf to ſuffer in thoſe ſharp extremes;
While not from thine alone thy blood retires,
But from thoſe cheeks which all the world admires.

The

The ſtemm thus threatned, and the ſap in thee,
Droop all the branches of that noble Tree:
Their Beauty they, and we our Loves ſuſpend,
Nought can our wiſhes, ſave thy health intend:
As Lillies overcharg'd with Rain they bend
Their beauteous heads, and with high Heaven contend,
Fold thee within their ſnowy Arms, and cry
He is too faultleſs and too young to die:
So like immortals round about thee they
Sit, that they fright approaching death away:
Who would not languiſh by ſo fair a train,
To be lamented and reſtor'd again?
Or thus with-held, what haſty ſoul would go,
Though to be bleſt? o're her *Adonis* ſo
Fair *Venus* mourn'd, and with the precious ſhowr
Of her warm tears cheriſht the ſpringing Flower.
The next ſupport fair hope of your great name,
And ſecond pillar of that Noble frame,

By loſs of thee would no advantage have,
But ſtep by ſtep purſues thee to the grave.
And now relentleſs fate, about to end
The line which backward does ſo far extend,
That antick ſtock which ſtill the world ſupplies
With braveſt Spirits, and with brighteſt Eyes,
Kind *Phœbus* interpoſing, bid me ſay
Such ſtorms no more ſhall ſhake that houſe, but they,
Like *Neptune*, and his Sea-born Neece, ſhall be
The ſhining Glories of the Land and Sea:
With Courage guard, and Beauty warm our age,
And Lovers fill, with like Poetick rage.

A la Malade.

AH lovely *Amoret*, the care
Of all that know what's good or fair,
Is Heaven become our Rival too?
Had the rich gifts conferr'd on you,

So

So amply thence the common end,
Of giving to Lovers, to pretend,
Hence to this pining ſickneſs (meant
To weary thee to a conſent
Of leaving us) no power is given,
Thy Beauties to impair, for Heaven
Solicites thee with ſuch a care,
As Roſes from their ſtalks we tear,
When we would ſtill preſerve them new,
And freſh as on the buſh they grew.
With ſuch a Grace you entertain,
And look with ſuch contempt on pain,
That languiſhing you conquer more,
And wound us deeper than before.
So lightnings which in ſtorms appear,
Scorch more than when the Skies are clear;
And as pale ſickneſs does invade
Your frailer part, the breaches made

In that fair Lodging, ſtill more clear
Make the bright gueſt, your ſoul appear.
So Nymphs o're pathleſs Mountains born,
Their light Robes by the Brambles torn
From their fair Limbs, expoſing new
And unknown beauties to the view
Of following gods, increaſe their flame,
And haſte to catch the flying Game.

Of the Queen.

THe Lark that ſhuns on lofty boughs to build
Her humble Neſt, lies ſilent in the Field;
But if the promiſe of a cloudleſs day,
Aurora ſmiling, bids her riſe and play,
Then ſtraight ſhe ſhews, 'twas not for want of voice,
Or power to climb, ſhe made ſo low a choice:
Singing ſhe mounts, her airy wings are ſtretcht
Towards Heaven, as if from Heaven her note ſhe fetcht,

So

So we retiring from the buſie throng,
Uſe to reſtrain th'ambition of our ſong;
But ſince the light which now informs our age
Breaks from the Court indulgent to her rage,
Thither my Muſe, like bold *Prometheus* flies
To light her Torch at *Gloriana*'s eyes.

Thoſe Sovereign beams which heal the wounded ſoul
And all our cares- but once beheld controul;
There the poor Lover that has long endur'd
Some proud Nymphs ſcorn, of his fond paſſion cur'd,
Fares like the man who firſt upon the ground
A glow-worm ſpy'd, ſuppoſing he had found
A moving Diamond, a breathing Stone
(For life it had, and like thoſe Jewels ſhone:)
He held it dear, till by the ſpringing day
Inform'd, he threw the worthleſs worm away.

She ſaves the Lover as we Gangreens ſtay,
By cutting hope, like a lop't Limb, away:
This makes her bleeding patients to accuſe
High Heaven, and theſe expoſtulations uſe:
Could Nature then no private Woman grace
(Whom we might dare to love) with ſuch a face,
Such a complexion, and ſo radiant eyes,
Such lovely motion, and ſuch ſharp replies?
Beyond our reach, and yet within our ſight,
What envious power has plac'd this glorious light?

Thus in a Starry night fond Children cry
For the rich ſpangles that adorn the Skie,
Which though they ſhine for ever fixed there,
With light and influence relieve us here.
All her affections are to one enclin'd,
Her bounty and compaſſion to Mankind:
To whom while ſhe ſo far extends her grace,
She makes but good the promiſe of her face:

For

For Mercy has (could Mercies ſelf be ſeen)
No ſweeter look than this propitious Queen;
Such guard and comfort the diſtreſſed find
From her large power, and from her larger mind,
That whom ill fate would ruine, it prefers,
For all the Miſerable are made hers.

So the fair Tree whereon the Eagle builds,
Poor Sheep from Tempeſt, and their Shepherd ſhields:
The Royal Bird poſſeſſes all the bows,
But ſhade and ſhelter to the Flock allows.

Joy of our age, and ſafety of the next,
For which ſo oft thy fertile womb is vext:
Nobly contented, for the publick good
To waſte thy ſpirits and diffuſe thy bloud:
What vaſt hopes may theſe Iſlands entertain,
Where Monarchs thus deſcended are to reign?

Led by Commanders of ſo fair a Line,
Our Seas no longer ſhall our power confine.

A brave Romance who would exactly frame,
Firſt brings his Knight from ſome immortal Dame:
And then a weapon, and a flaming ſhield,
Bright as his mothers eyes he makes him wield.
None might the mother of *Achilles* be,
But the fair Pearl, and glory of the Sea;
The man to whom great *Maro* gives ſuch fame
From the high bed of heavenly *Venus* came;
And our next *Charles*, (whom all the ſtars deſign
Like wonders to accompliſh) ſprings from thine.

Upon the Death of my Lady Rich.

MAY thoſe already curſt *Eſſexian* plains,
Where haſty death and pining ſickneſs reigns,
Prove all a Deſart, and none there make ſtay,
But ſavage Beaſts, or men as wilde as they.

There

There the fair light which all our Iſland grac'd,
Like *Hero*'s Taper in the window plac'd,
Such fate from the malignant air did finde,
As that expoſed to the boyſterous winde.
Ah cruel Heaven to ſnatch ſo ſoon away
Her, for whoſe life had we had time to pray,
With thouſand vows and tears we ſhould have ſought
That ſad decrees ſuſpenſion to have wrought.
But we (alaſs) no whiſper of her pain,
Heard till 'twas ſin to wiſh her here again.
That horrid word at once like Lightning ſpread,
Strook all our ears, The Lady *Rich* is dead.
Heart rending news, and dreadful to thoſe few
Who her reſemble, and her ſteps purſue.
That death ſhould licenſe have to rage among
The fair, the wiſe, the vertuous, and the young.
The *Paphian* Queen from that fierce battle born,
With goared hand and veil ſo rudely torn,

Like

Like terror did among th'immortals breed,
Taught by her wound that Goddeſſes may bleed:
All ſtand amazed, but beyond the reſt
Th'heroique Dame whoſe happy womb ſhe bleſt,
Mov'd with juſt grief expoſtulates with Heaven,
Urging the promiſe to the obſequious given,
Of longer life, for ne'r was pious ſoul
More apt t'obey, more worthy to controul.
A skilful eye at once might read the Race
Of *Caledonian* Monarchs in her face,
And ſweet Humility, her look and mind,
At once were lofty, and at once were kind.
There dwelt the ſcorn of Vice, and pity too,
For thoſe that did what ſhe diſdain'd to do:
So gentle and ſevere, that what was bad
At once her hatred and her pardon had.
Gracious to all, but where her Love was due,
So faſt, ſo Faithful, Loyal, and ſo True,

That a bold hand as ſoon might hope to force
The rouling lights of Heaven, as change her courſe.
Some happy Angel, that beholds her there,
Inſtruct us to record what ſhe was here:
And when this cloud of ſorrows over-blown,
Through the wide world we'l make her graces known.
So freſh the wound is, and the grief ſo vaſt,
That all our Art and Power of ſpeech is waſte.
Here paſſion ſways, but there the Muſe ſhall raiſe
Eternal monuments of louder praiſe.
Their our delight complying with her fame,
Shall have occaſion to recite thy name,
Fair *Sachariſſa*, and now only fair,
To ſacred friendſhip we'l an Altar rear:
Such as the *Romans* did erect of old,
Where on a marble Pillar ſhall be told
The lovely paſſion each to other bare,
With the reſemblance of that matchleſs pair,

Narciſſus to the thing for which he pin'd,
Was not more like than yours to her fair mind:
Save that you grac'd the ſeveral parts of life,
A ſpotleſs Virgin, and a faultleſs Wife:
Such was the ſweet converſe 'twix her and you,
As that ſhe holds with her aſſociates now.

How falſe is hope, and how regardleſs fate,
That ſuch a love ſhould have ſo ſhort a date?
Lately I ſaw her ſighing, part from thee
(Alas that ſuch the laſt farewel ſhould be!)
So look't *Aſtræa*, her remove deſign'd,
On thoſe diſtreſſed friends ſhe left behinde:
Conſent in Vertue, knit your hearts ſo faſt,
That ſtill the knot, in ſpight of death does laſt:
For as your tears and ſorrow-wounded ſoul
Prove well that on your part this bond is whole:
So all we know of what they do above,
Is, that they happy are, and that they love;

Let dark oblivion, and the hollow grave
Content themſelves our frailer thoughts to have:
Well choſen Love is never taught to die,
But with our nobler part invades the Skie:
Then grieve no more, that one ſo Heavenly ſhap'd
The crooked hand of trembling age eſcap'd;
Rather ſince we beheld her not decay,
But that ſhe vaniſh'd ſo entire away.
Her wondrous beauty and her goodneſs merit,
We ſhould ſuppoſe that ſome propitious ſpirit,
In that celeſtial form frequented here,
And is not dead, but ceaſes to appear.

To the Queen-Mother of France *upon her Landing.*

GReat Queen of *Europe* where thy off-ſpring wears
All the chief Crowns, where Princes are thy heirs.

As

As welcome thou to Sea-girt *Britains* ſhore,
As erſt *Latona* (who fair *Cinthia* bore)
To *Delos* was. Here ſhines a Nymph as bright,
By thee diſclos'd with like increaſe of light.
Why was her joy in *Belgia* confin'd?
Or why did you ſo much regard the wind?
Scarce could the Ocean (though inrag'd) have toſt
Thy Soveraign Bark, but where th'obſequious coaſt
Pays tribute to thy Bed: *Romes* conquering hand
More vanquiſh'd Nations under her command,
Never reduc'd; glad *Berecinthia*, ſo
Among her deathleſs Progeny did go,
A wreath of Flowers adorn'd her reverent head,
Mother of all that on *Ambroſia* fed:
Thy godlike race muſt ſway the age to come,
As ſhe *Olympus*, peopled with her womb.
Would thoſe Commanders of Mankind obey
Their honored Parent, all pretences lay

Down

Down at your Royal feet, compoſe their jarrs,
And on the growing Turk diſcharge theſe Wars:
The Chriſtian Knights that ſacred Tomb ſhould wreſt
From Pagan hands, and Triumph o'r the *Eaſt*;
Our *Englands* Prince and *Gallia*'s Dolphin might
Like young *Rinaldo*, and *Tancredo* fight
In ſingle combate; by their ſword again
The proud *Argantes* and fierce *Soldan* ſlain.
Again, might we their valiant deeds recite,
And with your *Thuſcan* Muſe exalt the fight.

To the mutable Fair.

HEre *Celia* for thy ſake I part
With all that grew ſo neer my heart;
The paſſion that I had for thee,
The Faith, the Love, the Conſtancy,
And that I may ſucceſsful prove
Transform my ſelf to what you love.

Fool

Fool that I was so much to prize
Those simple virtues you despise,
Fool that with such dull Arrows strove,
Or hop'd to reach a flying Dove;
For you that are in motion still
Decline our force, and mock our skill.
Who like *Don Quixot* do advance
Against a Wind-mill our vain Launce.
Now will I wander through the Air,
Mount, make a stoop at every fair,
And with a Fancy unconfin'd
(As lawless as the Sea or Wind)
Pursue you whereso'r you flye,
And with your various thoughts comply.
The formal Stars do travel so,
As we their names and courses know,
And he that on their changes looks,
Would think them govern'd by our Books.

But never were the Clouds reduc'd
To any Art, the motion us'd
By thoſe free vapors are ſo light,
So frequent, that the conquer'd ſight
Deſpairs to find the rules that guide
Thoſe gilded ſhadows as they ſlide.
And therfore of the ſpacious Air
Joves Royal Conſort had the care:
And by that power did once eſcape,
Declining bold *Ixions* rape;
She with her own reſemblance grac'd
A ſhining cloud which he embrac'd.
Such was that Image, ſo it ſmil'd
With ſeeming kindneſs which beguil'd
Your *Thirſis* lately when he thought
He had his fleeting *Cælia* caught.
'Twas ſhap'd like her, but for the fair
He fill'd his Arms with yielding Air:

A fate for which he grieves the leſs,
Becauſe the gods had like ſucceſs.
For in their ſtory one (we ſee)
Purſues a Nmph, and takes a Tree:
A ſecond with a Lovers haſte
Soon overtakes whom he had chac'd;
But ſhe that did a Virgin ſeem,
Poſſeſt appears a wandring ſtream:
For his ſuppoſed Love a third
Lays greedy hold upon a Bird;
And ſtands amaz'd to find his dear,
A wild inhabitant of the Air.

To theſe old tales ſuch Nymphs as you
Give credit, and ſtill make them new,
The Am'rous now like wonders find
In the ſwift changes of your mind.

But *Cælia* if you apprehend
The Muſe of your incenſed friend;

Nor would that he record your blame;
And make it live, repeat the same,
Again deceive him, and again,
And then he swears, he'll not complain.
For still to be deluded so,
Is all the pleasure Lovers know,
Who, like good Faulkners take delight,
Not in the quarry, but the flight.

Of Salley.

OF *Jason, Theseus*, and such Worthies old,
Light seem the tales antiquity has told.
Such Beasts and Monsters as their force oppresst
Some places only, and some times infest;
Salley that scorn'd all power and Laws of men,
Goods with their owners hurrying to their den,
And future ages threatning with a rude
and savage Race successively renew'd,

Their King deſpiſing with rebellious pride,
And foes profeſt to all the world beſide,
This peſt of Mankind gives our *Hero* fame,
And through th'obliged world dilates his name.
The Prophet once too cruel *Agag* ſaid,
As thy fierce ſword has Mothers childleſs made,
So ſhall the ſword make thine; and with that word
He hew'd the man in pieces with his ſword:
Juſt *Charles* like meaſure has return'd to theſe,
Whoſe Pagan hands had ſtain'd the troubled Seas;
With ſhips they made the ſpoiled Merchant mourn,
With ſhips their City and themſelves are torn.
One ſquadron of our winged Caſtles ſent
O'r-threw their Fort, and all their Navy rent:
For not content the dangers to increaſe,
And act the part of Tempeſts in the Seas,
Like hungry Wolves theſe Pirats from our ſhore,
Whole flocks of ſheep, and raviſht Cattel bore;

Safely

Safely they might on other Nations prey,
Fools to provoke the Soveraign of the Sea:
Mad *Cacus* ſo whom like ill fate perſwades
The herd of fair *Alcmena*'s ſeed invades;
Who for revenge, and mortals glad relief,
Sack'd the dark Cave, and cruſh'd that horrid thief.
Morroccos Monarch wondring at this fact,
Save that his preſence his affairs exact,
Had come in perſon to have ſeen and known
The injur'd worlds Revenger, and his own.
Hither he ſends the chief among his Peers,
Who in his Barque proportion'd Preſents bears
To the renown'd for Piety and force,
Poor captives manumiz'd and matchleſs horſe.

Puerperium.

YOu Gods that have the power,
To trouble, and compoſe

All that's beneath your Bower,
Calm silence on the Seas, on Earth impose,
Fair *Venus* in thy soft Arms,
The God of rage confine,
For thy whispers are the charms
Which only can divert his fierce design.

What though he frown, and to tumult do incline,
Thou the Flame,
Kindled in his breast canst tame,
With that snow which unmelted lies on thine.

Great Goddess give this thy sacred Island rest,
Make Heaven smile,
That no storm disturb us, while
Thy chief care our *Halcyon* builds her nest.
Great *Gloriona*, fair *Gloriana*,
Bright as high Heaven is, and fertile as Earth,

Whose

Whoſe Beauty relieves us,
Whoſe Royal bed gives us
Both Glory and Peace.
Our preſent joy, and all our hopes increaſe.

Of a Lady who writ in praiſe of Mira.

WHile ſhe pretends to make the Graces known
Of matchleſs *Mira*, ſhe reveals her own,
And when ſhe would another's praiſe indite,
Is by her Glaſs inſtructed how to write.

To one Married to an old Man.

SInce thou wouldſt needs, bewitcht with ſome ill (charms,
Be buried in thoſe monumental arms:
All we can wiſh, is, may that earth lie light
Upon thy tender Limbs, and ſo good night.

To Flavia *Song.*

'Tis not your Beauty can ingage
My wary heart:
The Sun in all his pride and rage,
Has not that Art;
And yet he shines as bright as you,
If brightness could our souls subdue.

'Tis not the pretty things you say,
Nor those you write,
Which can make *Thirsis* heart your prey:
For that delight,
The graces of a well-taught mind,
In some of our own sex we find.

No *Flavia*, 'tis your love, I fear,
Loves surest darts,
Those which so seldom fail him are
Headed with hearts;

Their

Their very ſhadows make us yield,
Diſſemble well, and win the field.

The Fall.

SEe how the willing earth gave way
To take th'impreſſion where ſhe lay.
See how the mould as loath to leave
So ſweet a burden, ſtill doth cleave
Cloſe to the Nymphs ſtain'd garment; here
The coming Spring would firſt appear,
And all this place with Roſes ſtrow,
If buſie feet would let them grow;
Here *Venus* ſmil'd to ſee blind Chance
It ſelf, before her Son advance,
And a fair Image to preſent
Of what the Boy ſo long had meant:
Twas ſuch a chance as this made all
The world into this Order fall;

Thus the first Lovers, on the clay
Of which they were composed lay;
So in their prime with equal grace
Met the first patterns of our Race:
Then blush not (fair) or on him frown,
Or wonder how you both came down;
But touch him, and he'll tremble strait,
How could he then support your weight?
How could the Youth alas, but bend
When his whole Heaven upon him leand?
If ought by him amiss were done,
'Twas that he let you rise so soon.

Of Silvia.

OUr sighs are heard, just Heav'n declares
The sense it has of Lovers cares;
She that so far the rest out-shin'd,
Silvia the fair while she was kind;

As if her frowns impair'd her brow,
Seems only not unhandſome now:
So when the Skie makes us endure
A ſtorm, it ſelf becomes obſcure.
Hence 'tis that I conceal my flame,
Hiding from *Flavia*'s ſelf her name:
Leſt ſhe provoking Heaven ſhould prove
How it rewards neglected Love.
Better a thouſand ſuch as I
Their grief untold ſhould pine and die:
Than her bright morning over-caſt
With ſullen clouds ſhould be defac't.

The Budd.

LAtely on yonder ſwelling buſh,
Big with many a coming Roſe,
This early Bud began to bluſh,
And did but half it ſelf diſcloſe;

I pluck't it, though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still as I did the Leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so, would flame anon:
All that was meant by Air or Sun
To the young Flower my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same inform's of Love,
Of purest Love and Musick too
When *Flavia* it aspires to move:
When that, which lifeless buds perswades
To wax more soft, her youth invades.

Upon Ben. Johnſon.

MIrror of Poets, mirror of our age!
Which her whole face beholding on thy ſtage,
Pleas'd and diſpleas'd with her own faults, indures
A remedy like thoſe whom Muſick cures:
Thou haſt alone thoſe various inclinations
Which Nature gives to Ages, Sexes, Nations:
So traced with thy All-reſembling Pen
That what e'r cuſtom has impos'd on men;
Or ill got habit, which deforms them ſo,
That ſcarce a Brother can his Brother know,
Is repreſented to the wondring eyes
Of all that ſee or read thy Comedies:
Who ever in thoſe Glaſſes looks, may find
The ſpots return'd, or graces of his mind:
And by the help of ſo Divine an Art
At leaſure view and dreſs his Nobler part.

Narciſſus couzened by that flatt'ring Well,
Which nothing could but of his Beauty tell,
Had here diſcovering the deform'd eſtate
Of his fond mind, preſerv'd himſelf with hate;
But vertue too, as well as vice, is clad
In Fleſh and Blood ſo well, that *Plato* had
Beheld what his high fancy once embrac't
Vertue with colours, ſpeech, and motion grac't
The ſundry poſtures of thy copious Muſe,
Who would expreſs a thouſand Tongues muſt uſe;
Whoſe fate's no leſs peculiar than thy Art,
For as thou couldſt all characters impart:
So none could render thine, who ſtill eſcapes
Like *Proteus* in variety of ſhapes:
Who was, nor this, nor that, but all we find,
And all we can imagine in Mankind.

To

To Mr. George Sands, *on his Tranſlation of ſome parts of the Bible.*

HOw bold a work attempts that Pen,
Which would inrich our vulgar tongue
With the high raptures of thoſe men,
Who here with the ſame ſpirit ſung,
Wherewith they now aſſiſt the Quire
Of Angels, who their ſongs admire?

What-ever thoſe inſpired ſouls
Were urged to expreſs did ſhake,
The aged deep, and both the Poles;
Their num'rous Thunder could awake
Dull Earth, which does with Heaven conſent
To all they wrote, and all they meant.

Say (Sacred Bird) what could beſtow
Courage on thee, to ſoar ſo high?

Tell

Tell me (brave friend) what help'd thee ſo
To ſhake of all Mortality:
To light this Torch, thou haſt climb'd higher,
Than he who ſtole Celeſtial fire.

Chloris *and* Hilas, *Made to a Sarabran.*

Chl. *Hilas*, O *Hilas*, why ſit we mute,
Now that each Bird ſaluteth the Spring?
Wind up the ſlackned ſtrings of thy Lute,
Never canſt thou want matter to ſing:
For love thy Breaſt does fill with ſuch a fire,
That whatſoe'r is fair, moves thy deſire.

Hil. Sweeteſt you know, the ſweeteſt of things,
Of various Flowers the Bees do compoſe,
Yet no particular taſte it brings
Of violet, Woodbind, Pink or Roſe:
So love the reſultance is of all the graces
Which flow from a thouſand ſeveral faces.

Chl.

Chl. Hilas, the Birds which chant in this Grove,
Could we but know the Language they uſe,
They would inſtruct us better in love,
And reprehend thy inconſtant Muſe:
For love their Breſts does fill with ſuch a fire,
That what they once do chuſe, bounds their deſire,

Hil. Chloris, this change the Birds do approve,
Which the warm ſeaſon hither does bring;
Time from your ſelf does further remove
You, than the Winter from the gay Spring:
She that like lightning ſhin'd while her face laſted,
The Oak now reſembles which lightning hath (blaſted,

Under a Ladies Picture.

SUch *Hellen* was, and who can blame the Boy
That in ſo bright a flame conſum'd his *Troy*?

But had like vertue ſhin'd in that fair Greek,
The am'rous Shepherd had not dar'd to ſeek,
Or hope for pity, but with ſilent moan,
And better fate had periſhed alone.

In anſwer of Sir John Suckling's *Verſes.*

Con.

STay here fond youth, and ask no more, be wiſe,
Knowing too much, long ſince loſt Paradiſe.

Pro.

And by your knowledge we ſhould be bereft
Of all that Paradiſe which yet is left.

Con.

The vertuous joys thou haſt, thou wouldſt, ſhould ſtill
Laſt in their pride, and wouldſt not take it ill
If rudely from ſweet dreams, and for a toy
Thou awak't, he wakes himſelf that does enjoy.

Pro.

How can the joy or hope which you allow
Be ſtiled vertuous, and the end not ſo?

Talk

Talk in your ſleep, and ſhadows ſtill admire.
Tis true, he wakes that feels this real fire,
But to ſleep better; for who e're drinks deep
Of this *Nepenthe*, rocks himſelf aſleep.

Con.

Fruition adds no new wealth, but deſtroys,
And while it pleaſeth much, yet ſtill it cloys:
Who thinks he ſhould be happier made for that
As reaſonably might hope he might grow fat
By eating to a ſurfeit, this once paſt,
What reliſhes? even kiſſes loſe their taſte.

Pro.

Bleſſings may be repeated, while they cloy,
But ſhall we ſtarve, cauſe fu:feitings deſtroy?
And if fruition did the taſte impair
Of kiſſes, why ſhould yonder happy pair,
Whoſe joys, juſt *Hymen* warrants all the night,
Conſume the day too in this leſs delight?

Con.

Urge not 'tis neceſſary; alas we know
The homelieſt thing that Mankind does, is ſo.
The world is of a large extent we ſee,
And muſt be peopled, children there muſt be,
So muſt bread too, but ſince there are enough
Born to that drudgery; what need we plough?

Pro.

I need not plough, ſince what the ſtooping Hinde
Gets of my pregnant Land, muſt all be mine:
But in this nobler Tillage 'tis not ſo;
For when *Anchiſes* did fair *Venus* know,
What intereſt had poor *Vulcan* in the Boy,
Famous *Æneas*, or the preſent joy?

Con.

Women enjoy'd, what e'retofore they have been,
Are like Romances read, or Scenes once ſeen:
Fruition dulls, or ſpoils the play much more
Than if one read, or knew the Plot before.

Pro.

Pro.

Plays and Romances read, and ſeen, do fall
In our opinions, yet not ſeen at all
Whom would they pleaſe? to an Heroick tale,
Would you not liſten, leſt it ſhould grow ſtale?

Con.

'Tis expectation makes a bleſſing dear,
Heaven were not Heaven, if we knew what it were.

Pro.

If 'twere not Heaven, if we knew what it were,
'Twould not be Heaven to thoſe that now are there.

Con.

As in proſpects we are there pleaſed moſt,
Where ſomething keeps the eye from being loſt,
And leaves us room to gueſs; ſo here reſtraint,
Holds up delight, that with exceſs would faint.

Pro.

Reſtraint preſerves the pleaſure we have got,
But he ne'r has it, that enjoys it not.

In goodly prospects who contracts the space,
Or takes not all the bounty of the place?
We wish remov'd what standeth in our light
And nature blame for limiting our sight,
Where you stand wisely winking that the view
Of the fair prospect may be always new.

Con.

They who know all the wealth they have, are poor:
He's only rich that cannot tell his store.

Pro.

Not he that knows the wealth he has, is poor,
But he that dares not touch, nor use his store.

To a friend of the different success of their Loves.

THrice happy pair of whom we cannot know,
Which first began to love, or loves most now:
Fair course of passion where two Lovers start,
And run together, heart still yoakt with heart:

Successful

Succeſsful youth, whom love has taught the way
To be victorious in the firſt eſſay.
Sure Love's an Art beſt practiſed at firſt,
And where th'experienc'd ſtill proſper worſt;
I with a different fate purſu'd in vain
The haughty *Celia*, till my juſt diſdain
Of her neglect, above that paſſion born,
Did pride to pride oppoſe, and ſcorn to ſcorn,
Now ſhe relents, but all too late to move
A heart directed to a Nobler love:
The ſcales are turn'd, her kindneſs weighs no more,
Now, than my vows and ſervice did before:
So in ſome well wrought hangings you may ſee
How *Hector* leads, and how the *Grecians* flee;
Here the fierce *Mars* his courage ſo inſpires,
That with bold hands the *Argive* Fleet he fires;
But there from Heaven the blew ey'd Virgin falls,
And frighted *Troy* retires within her Walls,

They that are foremost in that bloody Race
Turn head anon, and give the Conqu'rors chace;
So like the chances are of Love and War,
That they alone in this distinguish'd are:
In love the victors from the vanquish'd flie,
They flie that wound, and they pursue that die.

An Apology for having loved before.

THey that never had the use
Of the Grapes surprizing juyce;
To the first delicious cup,
All their Reason render up:

Neither do not care to know,
Whether it be best or no,
So they that are to love inclin'd;
Sway'd by chance, not Choice or Art,

To the first that's fair or kind,
Make a present of their heart:

'Tis

'Tis not ſhe that firſt we love,
But whom dying we approve.

To Man that was i'th' evening made,
Stars gave the firſt delight;
Admiring in the gloomy ſhade,
Thoſe little drops of light.

Then at *Aurora*, whoſe fair hand
Remov'd them from the skies,
He gazing toward the *Eaſt* did ſtand,
She entertain'd his Eyes,

But when the bright Sun did appear,
All thoſe he can deſpiſe,
His wonder was determin'd there,
And could no higher riſe;

He neither might, nor wiſht to know
A more refulgent light;

For that as mine, your beauties now,
Imploy'd his utmoſt ſight.

To Zelinda.

FAireſt piece of well-form'd Earth,
Urge not thus your haughty birth:
The power which you have o're us lies
Not in your Race but in your Eyes:
None but a Prince! alas that voice
Confines you to a narrow choice!
Should you no Honey vow to taſte,
But what the maſter Bees have plac'd
In compaſs of their Cells, how ſmall
A portion to your ſhare would fall?
Nor all appear among thoſe few,
Worthy the ſtock from whence they grew:
The ſap which at the Root is bred
In Trees, through all the Boughs is ſpred;

But vertues which in Parents ſhine,
Make not like progreſs through the Line.
'Tis not from whom, but where we live;
The place does oft thoſe graces give;
Great *Julius* on the Mountains bred,
A Flock perhaps, or Herd, had led,
He that the world ſubdu'd, had been
But the beſt wreſtler on the Green:
'Tis Art and Knowledge which draw forth
The hidden Seeds of Native worth;
They blow thoſe ſparks, and make them riſe
Into ſuch flames as touch the Skies.
To the old *Heroes* hence was given
A Pedigree which reacht to Heaven;
Of mortal Seed they were not held,
Which other mortals ſo excell'd;
And Beauty too in ſuch exceſs
As yours, *Zelinda* claims no leſs,

Smile

Smile but on me, and you shall scorn
Henceforth to be of Princes born.
I can describe the shady Grove
Where your lov'd Mother slept with *Jove*,
And yet excuse the faultless Dame,
Caught with her Spouses shape and name:
Thy matchless form will credit bring
To all the wonders I shall sing.

On Mr. John Fletcher's *Plays.*

FLetcher, to thee we do not only owe
All our good Playes, but all those other too,
Thy wit repeated, does support the Stage,
Credits the last, and entertains this Age,
No Worthies form'd by any Muse but thine
Could purchase Robes, to make themselves so fine.
What brave Commander is not proud to see
Thy brave *Melantius* in his Gallantry.

Our

Our greateſt Ladies love to ſee their ſcorn
Out-done by thine, in what themſelves have worn;
The impatient widow e're the year be done,
Sees thy *Aſpaſia* weeping in her Gown.
I never yet the Tragick ſtrain aſſay'd
Deterr'd by that inimitable Maid.
And when I venture at the Comick ſtile,
Thy ſcornful Lady ſeems to mock my toil.
Thus has thy Muſe at once improv'd and marr'd
Our ſport in plays by rendring it too hard;
So when a ſort of luſty Shepherds throw,
The Barr by turns, and none the reſt out-go
So farr, but that the beſt are meaſuring caſts,
Their emulation, and their paſtime laſts;
But if ſome braunie Yeoman of the Guard
Step in and toſs the Axletree a yard
Or more beyond the furtheſt mark, the reſt,
Deſpairing ſtand, their ſport is at the beſt.

To Chloris.

Chloris since first our calm of peace
Was frighted hence, this good we find,
Your favours with your fears increase,
And growing mischiefs make you kind:
So the fair Tree which still preserves
Her Fruit and State, whilst no wind blows,
In storms from that uprightness swerves,
And the glad earth about her strows
With Treasure from her yielding boughs.

On St. James's *Park as lately improved by His Majesty.*

OF the first Paradise there's nothing found,
Plants set by Heav'n are vanisht, and the ground;
Yet the description lasts; who knows the fate
Of lines that shall this Paradise relate?

Instead

Inſtead of Rivers rowling by the ſide
Of *Edens* Garden, here flows in the Tyde;
The Sea which always ſerv'd his Empire, now
Pays tribute to our Prince's pleaſure too:
Of famous Cities we the founders know;
But Rivers old, as Seas, to which they go,
Are natures bounty; 'tis of more renown
To make a River than to build a Town.
For future ſhade young Trees upon the banks
Of the new ſtream appear in even ranks:
The voice of *Orpheus* or *Amphions* hand
In better order could not make them ſtand;
May they increaſe as faſt, and ſpread their boughs,
As the high Fame of their great Owner grows!
May he live long enough to ſee them all
Dark ſhadows caſt, and as his Pallace tall.
Me-thinks I ſee the love that ſhall be made,
The Lovers walking in that amorous ſhade,

The

The Gallants dancing by the Rivers ſide,
They bath in Summer, and in Winter ſlide.
Me-thinks I hear the Muſick in the Boats,
And the loud Eccho which returns the notes,
Whilſt over head a flock of new ſprung Fowl
Hangs in the Air, and does the Sun controul:
Darkning the Skie they hover o're, and ſhrowd
The wanton Sailors with a feather'd cloud:
Beneath a ſhole of ſilver fiſhes glides,
And plays about the gilded Barges ſides;
The Ladies angling in the Chryſtal Lake,
Feaſt on the waters with the prey they take;
At once victorious with their Lines and Eyes
They make the Fiſhes and the men their prize;
A thouſand *Cupids* on the Billows ride,
And Sea-nymphs enter with the ſwelling Tyde,
From *Thetis* ſent as ſpies to make report,
And tell the wonders of her Soveraign's Court

All

All that can living feed the greedy Eye,
Or dead the Palat, here you may deſery,
The choiceſt things that furniſht *Noahs* Ark,
Or *Peters* ſheet, inhabiting this Park:
All with a border of rich fruit-trees crown'd,
Whoſe loaded branches hide the lofty mound,
Such various ways the ſpacious Allies lead,
My doubtful Muſe knows not what path to tread:
Yonder the harveſt of cold moneths laid up,
Gives a freſh coolneſs to the Royal Cup,
There Ice like Chryſtal, firm and never loſt,
Tempers hot *July* with *Decembers* froſt,
Winters dark priſon, whence he cannot flie,
Though the warm Spring his enemy draws nigh:
Strange! that extremes ſhould thus preſerve the ſnow,
High on the *Alps*, or in deep Caves below.

Here a well-poliſht Mall gives us the joy
To ſee our Prince his matchleſs force imploy;
His manly poſture and his graceful mine
Vigor and youth in all his motion ſeen,
His ſhape ſo lovely, and his Limbs ſo ſtrong
Confirm our hopes we ſhall obey him long:
No ſooner has he toucht the flying ball,
But 'tis already more than halfe the mall;
And ſuch a fury from his arme has got
As from a ſmoaking Culverin 'twere ſhot.

Nere this my Muſe, what moſt delights her, ſees,
A living Gallery of aged Trees;
Bold ſons of earth that thruſt their arms ſo high
As if once more they would invade the Sky;
In ſuch green Palaces the firſt Kings reign'd,
Slept in their ſhades, and Angels entertain'd:
With ſuch old Counſellors they did adviſe
And by frequenting ſacred Groves grew wiſe;

Free

Free from th' impediments of light and noiſe
Man thus retir'd his nobler thoughts imploys:
Here *Charles* contrives the ordering of his States,
Here he reſolves his neighb'ring Princes fates:
What Nation ſhall have peace, where War be made
Determin'd is in this oraculous ſhade;
The world from *India* to the frozen *North*,
Concern'd in what this ſolitude brings forth.
His Fancy objects from his view receives,
The proſpect thought and contemplation gives:
That ſeat of Empire here ſalutes his eye,
To which three Kingdoms do themſelves apply,
The ſtructure by a Prelate rais'd, *White-Hall*,
Built with the fortune of *Romes* Capitol;
Both diſproportion'd to the preſent State
Of their proud founders, were approv'd by Fate;
From hence he does that Antique Pile behold,
Where Royal heads receive the ſacred gold;

It gives them Crowns, and does their aſhes keep;
There made like gods, like mortals there they ſleep
Making the circle of their reign compleat,
Thoſe Suns of Empire, where they riſe they ſet:
When others fell, this ſtanding did preſage
The Crown ſhould triumph over popular rage,
Hard by that Houſe where all our ills were ſhap'd
Th' Auſpicious Temple ſtood, and yet eſcap'd.
So ſnow on *Ætna* does unmelted lie,
Whence rowling flames and ſcatter'd cinders flie;
The diſtant Countrey in the ruine ſhares,
What falls from Heav'n the burning Mountain ſpares.
Next that capacious Hall, he ſees, the room,
Where the whole Nation does for Juſtice come.
Under whoſe large roof flouriſhes the Gown,
And Judges grave on high Tribunals frown.
Here like the peoples Paſtor he does go,
His flock ſubjected to his view below;

On

On which reflecting in his mighty mind,
No private paſſion does indulgence find;
The pleaſures of his youth ſuſpended are,
And made a ſacrifice to publique care;
Here free from Court-compliances He walks,
And with himſelf, his beſt adviſer, talks;
How peaceful Olive may his Temples ſhade,
For mending Laws, and for reſtoring Trade;
Or how his Brows may be with Laurel charg'd
For Nations conquer'd and our bounds inlarg'd:
Of ancient Prudence here He ruminates,
Of riſing Kingdoms and of falling States:
What ruling Arts gave Great *Auguſtus* Fame,
And how *Alcides* purchas'd ſuch a name:
His eyes upon his native Palace bent
Cloſe by, ſuggeſt a greater argument,
His thoughts riſe higher when he does reflect
On what the world may from that Star expect

Which at his Birth appear'd to let us see
Day for his sake could with the Night agree;
A Prince on whom such different lights did smile,
Born, the divided world to reconcile:
What ever Heaven or high extracted blood
Could promise or foretell, he will make good;
Reform these Nations, and improve them more,
Than this fair Park from what it was before.

To Sir William D'avenant *upon his Two first Books of* Gondibert, *written in* France.

THus the wise Nightingale that leaves her home,
Her Native Wood, when storms and winter come,
Pursueing constantly the cheerful Spring,
To forein Groves does her old Musick bring;
The drooping *Hebrews* banish'd Harps unstrung
At *Babylon*, upon the willows hung;

Yours

Yours ſounds aloud, and tells us you excell
No leſs in Courage, than in Singing well;
Whilſt unconcern'd you let your Countrey know,
They have impoveriſhed themſelves, not you;
Who with the Muſes help can mock thoſe Fates
Which threaten Kingdoms, and diſorder States.
So *Ovid* when from *Caſar*'s rage he fled,
The *Roman* Muſe to *Pontus* with him led;
Where he ſo ſung, that we through pities Glaſs,
See *Nero* milder than *Auguſtus* was.
Hereafter ſuch in thy behalf ſhall be
Th'indulgent cenſure of Poſterity.
To baniſh thoſe who with ſuch Art can ſing,
Is a rude crime which its own curſe does bring:
Ages to come ſhall ne'r know how they fought,
Nor how to Love their preſent Youth be taught.
This to thy ſelf. Now to thy matchleſs Book,
Wherein thoſe few that can with Judgement look,

May find old Love in pure fresh Language told,
Like new stampt Coin made out of Angel-gold.
Such truth in Love as th' antique world did know,
In such a stile as Courts may boast of now.
Which no bold tales of Gods or Monsters swell,
But humane Passions, such as with us dwell.
Man is thy Theme, his Vertue or his Rage
Drawn to the life in each elaborate Page.
Mars nor *Bellona* are not named here;
But such a *Gondibert* as both might fear.
Venus had here, and *Hebe* been out-shin'd,
By the bright *Birtha*, and thy *Rhodalind*.
Such is thy happy skill, and such the odds
Betwixt thy Worthies and the *Grecian* gods,
Whose Deities in vain had here come down
Where mortal Beauty wears the Soveraign Crown;
Such as of flesh compos'd, by flesh and blood
(Though not resisted) may be understood,

To

To my worthy Friend the Tranſlator of Gratius.

THus by the Muſick we may know
When Noble Wits a Hunting go
Through Groves that on *Parnaſſus* grow.
The Muſes all the Chaſe adorn,
My friend on *Pegaſus* is born,
And young *Apollo* winds the Horn.
Having old *Gratius* in the wind,
No pack of Critiques e're could find
Or he know more of his own mind.
Here Huntſmen with delight may read
How to chuſe Dogs for ſcent or ſpeed,
And how to change or mend the breed:
What Arms to uſe, or Nets to frame,
Wild beaſts to combate or to tame,
With all the Myſteries of that game.

But

But (worthy Friend) the face of War
In antient times does differ far
From what our fiery battles are.

Nor is it like (since powder known)
That man so cruel to his own,
Should spare the race of Beasts alone.

No quarter now but with the Gun,
Men wait in Trees from Sun to Sun,
And all is in a moment done.

And therefore we expect your next
Should be no comment but a Text
To tell how modern Beasts are vext.

Thus would I further yet engage
Your gentle Muse to court the age
With somewhat of your proper rage.

ſince none does more to *Phœbus* owe,
Or in more Languages can ſhow,
Thoſe Arts which you ſo early know.

To the King, upon His Majeſties happy Return.

THe riſing Sun complies with our weak ſight,
Firſt gilds the Clouds, then ſhews his globe of light
At ſuch a diſtance from our eyes, as though
He knew what harm his haſty Beams would do.

But your full *MAJESTY* at once breaks forth,
In the Meridian of your Reign, Your worth,
Your youth, and all the ſplendor of Your State,
Wrapt up, till now, in clouds of adverſe fate,
With ſuch a ſtoud of light invade our eyes,
And our ſpread hearts with ſo great joy ſurpriſe,
That, if your Grace incline that we ſhould live,
You muſt not (SIR) too haſtily forgive.

Our

Our guilt preserves us from the excess of joy,
Which scatters spirits, and would life destroy.

All are obnoxious, and this faulty Land
Like fainting *Hester* does before you stand,
Watching your Scepter, the revolted Sea
Trembles to think she did your Foes obey.

Great Britain, like blind *Polipheme*, of late
In a wild rage became the scorn and hate
Of her proud Neighbours, who began to think,
She, with the weight of her own force would sink:
But You are come, and all their hopes are vain,
This Giant-Isle has got her Eye again;
Now she might spare the Ocean, and oppose
Your conduct to the fiercest of her foes:
Naked, the Graces guarded you from all
Dangers abroad, and now Your Thunder shall.

Princes,

Princes, that ſaw You, different paſſions prove,
For now they dread the Object of their love;
Nor without envy can behold His height,
Whoſe Converſation was their late delight.
So *Semele* contented with the rape
Of *Jove*, diſguiſed in a mortal ſhape,
When ſhe beheld his hands with lightning fill'd,
And his bright rayes, was with amazement kill'd.
And though it be our ſorrow and our crime
To have accepted life ſo long a time
Without You here, yet does this abſence gain
No ſmall advantage to Your preſent Reign:
For, having view'd the perſons and the things,
The Councils, State and Strength of *Europe*'s Kings,
You know your work; Ambition to reſtrain,
And ſet them bounds, as Heav'n does to the Main.
We have you now with ruling wiſdom fraught,
Not ſuch as Books, but ſuch as Practice taught:

So

So the loſt Sun, while leaſt by us enjoy'd,
Is the whole night, for our concern imploy'd:
He ripens Spices, Fruit, and precious Gums,
Which from remoteſt Regions hither comes.

This ſeat of Yours, from th'other world remov'd,
Had *Archimedes* known, he might have prov'd
His Engines force, fixt here, your power and skill
Make the worlds motion wait upon your will.

Much ſuffering Monarch, the firſt *Engliſh* born
That has the Crown of theſe three Nations worn,
How has your patience, with the barbarous rage
Of your own ſoil, contended half an age?
Till (Your try'd vertue, and Your ſacred Word,
At laſt preventing Your unwilling Sword)
Armies and Fleets, which kept You out ſo long,
Own'd their great Sovereign, and redreſt His wrong
When ſtraight the People, by no force compell'd,
Nor longer from their inclination held,

Break

Break forth at once, like Powder ſet on fire,
And with a Noble rage their *KING* require.

So th'injur'd Sea, which from her wonted courſe,
To gain ſome Acres, Avarice did force,
If the new Banks, neglected once, decay,
No longer will from her old Channel ſtay,
Raging, the late-got Land ſhe overflowes,
And all that's built upon't to ruine goes.

Offenders now, the chiefeſt, do begin
To ſtrive for Grace, and expiate their ſin:
All winds blow fair, that did the world imbroil,
Your Vipers Treacle yield, and Scorpions Oyl.

If then ſuch praiſe the *Macedonian* got,
For having rudely cut the *Gordian* knot;
What Glory's due to him that could divide
Such ravell'd intreſts, has the knot unty'd,

And

And without ſtroke ſo ſmooth a paſſage made,
Where craft and malice ſuch impeachments laid?

But while we praiſe You, You aſcribe it all
To his high hand, which threw the untoucht wall
Of ſelf-demoliſht *Jericho* ſo low:
His Angel 'twas that did before You go,
Tam'd ſavage hearts, and made affections yield,
Like ears of Corn when wind ſalutes the field.

Thus patience crown'd: lik *Job*'s, your trouble ends,
Having your Foes to pardon, and your Friends:
For, though your Courage were ſo firm a rock,
What private vertue could endure the ſhock?
Like your great Maſter you the ſtorm withſtood,
And pitied thoſe who Love with frailty ſhew'd.

Rude *Indians* torturing all the Royal race
Him with the Throne and dear-bought Scepter grace

That

That ſuffers beſt: what Region could be found,
Where your heroick Head had not been crown'd?

The next experience of Your mighty mind,
Is, how You combate Fortune now ſhe's kind;
And this way too, you are victorious found,
She flatters with the ſame ſucceſs ſhe frown'd;
While to Your Self-ſevere, to others kind,
With power unbounded, and a will confin'd,
Of this vaſt Empire you poſſeſs the care,
The ſofter part falls to the Peoples ſhare:
Safety and equal Government are things
Which Subjects make, as happy, as their Kings.

Faith, Law, and Piety, that baniſht train,
Juſtice and Truth, with You return again:
The Cities Trade, and Countries eaſie life
Once more ſhall flouriſh without fraud or ſtrife.

Your Reign no leſs aſſures the Ploughmans peace,
Than the warm Sun advances his increaſe;
And does the Shepherds as ſecurely keep
From all their fears, as they preſerve their ſheep.

But above all, the Muſe inſpired train
Triumph, and raiſe their drooping heads again
Kind Heaven at once has in Your Perſon ſent
Their ſacred Judge, their Guard, and Argument.

Nec magis expreſſi vultus per aenea ſigna
Quam per vatis opus mores, animique virorum
Clarorum apparent ——

To my Lady Morton *on* New-years-day, 1650. *at the* Louver *in* Paris.

Madam,

NEw years may well expect to find
Welcome from you, to whom they are ſo kind,
Still as they paſs, they court, and ſmile on you,
And make your Beauty as themſelves ſeem new:

To

To the fair *Villars* we *Dalkith* preſer,
And faireſt *Morton* now as much to her;
So like the Sun's advance your Titles ſhow,
Which, as he riſes, does the warmer grow.
But thus to ſtile you fair, your Sexes praiſe,
Gives you but Mirtle, who may challenge Bayes:
From armed Foes to bring a Royal prize,
Shews your brave Heart victorious, as your Eyes;
If *Judeth* marching with the Generals head
Can give us paſſion when her ſtorie's read,
What may the living do which brought away,
Though a leſs bloudy, yet a nobler prey?
Who from our flaming *Troy*, with a bold hand
Snatch'd her fair Charge, the Princeſs, like a brand;
A brand preſerv'd to warm ſome Princes heart,
And make whole Kingdoms take her Brothers part;
So *Venus* from prevailing Greeks did ſhrowd
The hope of *Rome*, and ſav'd him in a cloud;

This gallant act may cancel all our rage,
Begin a better, and absolve this age.
Dark shades become the portrayt of our time,
Here weeps Misfortune, and there triumphs Crime.
Let him that draws it hide the rest in night,
This portion only may endure the light,
Where the kind Nymph changing her faultless shape
Becomes unhandsome, handsomely to scape,
When through the Guards, the River, and the Sea,
Faith, Beauty, Wit and Courage, made their way.
As the brave Eagle does with sorrow see
The Forrest wasted, and that lofty Tree
Which holds her Nest about to be o'rethrown,
Before the feathers of her young are grown,
She will not leave them, nor she cannot stay,
But bears them boldly on her wings away;
So fled the Dame, and o're the Ocean bore
Her Princely burthen to the Gallick shore.

Born

Born in the ſtorms of war, this Royal fair,
Produc'd like lightning in tempeſtuous Air,
Though now ſhe flies her native Iſle, leſs kind,
Leſs ſafe for her, than either Sea or Wind,
Shall, when the Bloſſom of her Beauty's blown,
See her great Brother on the Britiſh Throne,
Where Peace ſhall ſmile, and no diſpute ariſe,
But which Rules moſt, his Scepter, or her Eyes.

Of a fair Lady playing with a Snake.

STrange that ſuch Horror and ſuch Grace
Should dwell together in one place,
A Furies Arm, an Angels Face.

'Tis innocence and youth which makes
In *Chloris*'s fancy ſuch miſtakes,
To ſtart at Love, and play with Snakes,

By this and by her coldneſs barr'd

Her ſervants have a task too hard,
The Tyrant has a double guard.
Thrice happy Snake, that in her ſleeve
May boldly creep, we dare not give
Our thoughts ſo unconfin'd a leave:
Contented in that neſt of Snow
He lies, as he his bliſs did know,
And to the wood no more would go.
Take heed, (fair *Eve*) you do not make
Another Tempter of this Snake,
A marble one ſo warm'd would ſpeak.

To his worthy Friend Maſter E'velyn *upon his Tranſlation of* Lucretius.

THat Chance and Atomes make this all
In Order Democratical,
Where Bodies freely run their courſe
Without deſign, or Fate, or Force.

In

In Engliſh verſe *Lucretius* ſings
As if with *Pegaſean* wings,
He ſoar'd beyond our utmoſt Sphere,
And other Worlds diſcovered there;
His boundleſs and unruly wit
To nature does no bounds permit;
But boldly has remov'd thoſe bars,
Of Heaven, and Earth, and Seas, and Stars,
By which ſhe was before ſuppos'd
By moderate wits to be enclos'd,
Till his free Muſe threw down the Pale
And did at once diſpark them all.
So vaſt this Argument did ſeem
That the great Author did eſteem
The *Roman* Language, which was ſpred
O're the whole world in Triumph led
Too weak, too narrow to unfold
The Wonders which he would have told.

This ſpeaks thy Glory, Noble Friend,
And Britiſh Language does commend;
For here *Lucretius* whole we find,
His Words, his Muſick, and his Mind,
Thy Art has to our Countrey brought
All that he writ, and all he thought.
Ovid tranſlated, *Virgil* too
Shew'd long ſince what our tongue could do;
Nor *Lucan* we, nor *Horace* ſpar'd,
Only *Lucretius* was too hard.
Lucretius, like a Fort did ſtand
Untoucht, till your victorious hand
Did from his head this Garland bear
Which now upon your own you wear:
A Garland made of ſuch new Bays,
And ſought in ſuch untrodden ways,
As no mans Temples e're did Crown,
Save this fam'd Authors and your own.

Part of the fourth Book of Virgil *tranſlated, beginning*

——Taleſque miſerima fletus
Fertque refertque ſoror ——

And ending with,

Adnixi torquent ſpumas & cærula verrunt.

ALl this her weeping Siſter does repeat
To the ſtern man, whom nothing could intreat;
Loſt were her pray'rs, and fruitleſs were her tears,
Fate and great *Jove* had ſtop'd his gentle Ears.
As when loud winds a well-grown Oak would rend
Up by the roots, this way, and that they bend
His reeling Trunk, and with a boiſterous ſound
Scatter his leaves and ſtrew them on the ground:
He fixed ſtands, as deep his root doth lye
Down to the Center, as his top is high.
No leſs on every ſide the *Hero* preſt,
Feels Love and Pitty ſhake his Noble breſt,
And down his Cheeks though fruitleſs tears do roul,
Unmov'd remains the purpoſe of his ſoul.

Then

Then *Dido* urged with approaching fate
Begins the light of cruel Heaven to hate;
Her resolution to dispatch and dye
Confirm'd by many a horrid prodigy.
The water consecrate for sacrifice
Appears all black to her amazed eyes,
The Wine to putrid bloud converted flows,
Which from her, none, not her own sister knows.
Besides there stood as sacred to her Lord
A marble Temple which she much ador'd,
With snowy fleeces and fresh Garlands Crown'd,
Hence every night proceeds a dreadful sound.
Her Husbands voice invites her to his Tomb,
And dismal Owls presage the ills to come.
Besides, the propheſies of Wizards old
Increast her terror and her fall foretold.
Scorn'd and deserted to her self she seems;
And finds *Æneas* cruel in her dreams.

So

So, to mad *Penthews*, double *Thebes* appears,
And furies howl in his diſtempered ears.
Oreſtes ſo with like diſtraction toſt
Is made to fly his Mothers angry ghoſt.
Now grief and fury at their height arrive,
Death ſhe decrees, and thus does it contrive
Her grieved Siſter with a cheerful grace
(Hope well-diſſembled ſhining in her face)
She thus deceives. (Dear Siſter) let us prove
The cure I have invented for my love,
Beyond the Land of *Æthiopia* lies
The place where *Atlas* does ſupport the Skies;
Hence came an old Magician that did keep
Th' Heſperian fruit, and made the Dragon ſleep;
Her potent charms do troubled ſouls relieve,
And where ſhe liſts, makes calmeſt minds to grieve,
The courſe of Rivers or of Heaven can ſtop,
And call Trees down from th' airy Mountains top.

Witneſs

Witneſs ye Gods, and thou my deareſt part,
How loath I am to tempt this guilty Art.
Erect a pile, and on it let us place
That bed where I my ruine did imbrace,
With all the reliques of our impious gueſt,
Arms, ſpoils, and preſents, let the Pile be dreſt,
(The knowing-woman thus preſcribes) that we
May raze the man out of our memory;
Thus ſpeaks the Queen, but hides the fatal end
For which ſhe doth thoſe ſacred Rites pretend,
Nor worſe effects of grief her Siſter thought
Would follow, than *Sychæus* murder wrought,
Therefore obeys her; and now heaped high
The Cloven Oaks and lofty Pines do lye
Hung all with wreaths and flowry garlands round;
So by her ſelf was her own funeral Crown'd.
Upon the top, the *Trojan*'s image lies,
And his ſharp Sword wherewith anon ſhe dies.

They

hey by the Altar ſtand; while with looſe hair
he Magick Propheteſs begins her Prayer,
n *Chao's*, Erebus, and all the Gods,
Which in th' infernal ſhades have their aboads,
e loudly calls, beſprinkling all the room
ith drops ſuppos'd from *Lethes* lake to come.
e ſeeks the knot which on the forehead grows
f new-foal'd Coalts, and Herbs by moon-light mows,
Cake of Leaven in her pious hands
olds the devoted Queen: and barefoot ſtands,
ne tender foot was bare, the other ſhod,
er Robe ungirt; invoking every God
nd every power, if any be above
Which takes regard of ill-requited love.
Now was the time when weary mortals ſteep
heir careful Temples in the dew of ſleep.
n Seas, on Earth, and all that in them dwell
death like quiet, and deep ſilence fell,

But

But not on *Dido*, whose untamed mind
Refus'd to be by sacred night confin'd,
A double passion in her breast does move
Love and fierce anger for neglected Love.
Thus she afflicts her soul, What shall I do?
With fate inverted shall I humb'ly woo?
And some proud Prince in wild *Numidia* born
Pray to accept me and forget my scorn?
Or shall I with the ungrateful *Trojan* go,
Quit all my State, and wait upon my Foe?
Is not enough by sad experience known,
The perjur'd race of false *Laomedon*?
With my *Sidonians* shall I give them chase?
Bands hardly forced from their native place?
No, dy, and let this sword thy fury tame,
Nought but thy bloud can quench this guilty flame.
Ah Sister! vanquisht with my passion thou
Betraid'st me first, dispensing with my vow.

Had I been conſtant to *Sychæus* ſtill
And ſingle-liv'd, I had not known this ill,
Such thoughts torment the Queens inraged breaſt
While the *Dardanian* does ſecurely reſt
In his tall ſhip for ſudden flight prepar'd,
To whom once more the Son of *Jove* appear'd,
Thus ſeems to ſpeak the youthful Deity,
Voice, Hair, and Colour all like *Mercury*.
Fair *Venus* ſeed! Canſt thou indulge thy ſleep?
Nor better guard in ſuch great danger keep,
Mad by neglect to loſe ſo fair a wind?
If here thy ſhips the purple morning find,
Thou ſhalt behold this hoſtile harbour ſhine
With a new Fleet, and Fire, to ruine thine;
She meditates revenge reſolv'd to dye,
Weigh Anchor, quickly, and her fury flye.
This ſaid, the God in ſhades of Night retir'd,
Amaz'd *Æneas* with the warning fir'd

Shakes

Shakes off dull sleep, and rouzing up his men,
Behold! the Gods command our flight agen;
Fall to your Oars, and all your Canvas spread;
What God soe're that thus vouchsaf'st to lead
We follow gladly and thy will obey,
Assist us still smoothing our happy way,
And make the rest propitious. With that word
He cuts the Cable with his shining sword;
Through all the Navy doth like Ardor reign,
They quit the shoar and rush into the Main;
Plac't on their banks, the lusty *Trojans* sweep
Neptunes smooth face, and cleave the yielding deep.

Upon a War with Spain, *and a Fight at Sea.*

NOw for some Ages had the pride of *Spain*
Made the Sun shine on half the world in vain;
While she bid Warr to all that durst supply
The place of those her cruelty made dye.

Of

Of Natures bounty men forbore to taſte,
And the beſt portion of the Earth lay waſte.
From the new world her ſilver and her gold
Came like a Tempeſt to confound the old,
Feeding with theſe the brib'd Electors hopes,
Alone ſhe gave us Emperours and Popes,
With theſe accompliſhing her vaſt deſigns,
Europe was ſhaken with her *Indian* Mines.
When *Britain* looking with a juſt diſdain
Upon this gilded Majeſty of *Spain*,
And knowing well that Empire muſt decline,
Whoſe chief ſupport and ſinews are of coin,
Our nations ſollid vertue did oppoſe,
To the rich troublers of the worlds repoſe.
And now ſome moneths incamping on the Main
Our Naval Army had beſieged *Spain*;
They that the whole worlds Monarchy deſign'd,
Are to their Ports, by our bold Fleet confin'd,

From whence our Red-croſs they triumphant ſee
Riding without a Rival on the ſea.
Others may uſe the Ocean as their Road,
Only the *Engliſh* make it their aboad,
Whoſe ready ſails, with every wind can flie,
And make a Cov'nant with the unconſtant skie;
Our Oaks ſecure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a ſteady foot.
Mean while the *Spaniards* in *America*
Near to the Line the Sun approaching ſaw,
And hop'd their *European* coaſts to find
Clear'd from our ſhips by the Autumnal wind,
Their huge capacious Gallions ſtuft with Plate
The labouring winds drive ſlowly towards their fate.
Before St. *Lucar* they their Guns diſcharge,
To tell their joy, or to invite a Barge,
This heard ſome ſhips of ours (though out of view)
And ſwift as Eagles to the quarry flew:

So

So heedleſs Lambs which for their Mothers bleat,
Wake hungry Lions and become their meat.

Arriv'd, they ſoon begin that Tragique play,
And with their ſmoaky Cannons baniſh day,
Night, horror, ſlaughter, with confuſion meets,
And in their ſable Arms imbrace the Fleets.
Through yielding Planks the angry Bullets flie,
And of one wound hundreds together dye,
Born under different ſtars one fate they have,
The ſhip their Coffin and the ſea their Grave.
Bold were the Men which on the Ocean firſt
Spread their new ſails, when ſhipwrack was the worſt,
More danger now from Man alone we find
Than from the rocks, the billows, or the wind;
They that had ſail'd from near th' Antartick Pole
Their Treaſure ſafe and all their veſſels whole,
In ſight of their dear Countrey ruin'd be
Without the guilt of either Rock or Sea.

What they would ſpare our fiercer Art deſtroys,
Surpaſſing ſtorms in Terror and in noiſe;
Once *Jove*, from *Ida* did both Hoſts ſurvey
And when he pleas'd to Thunder, part the fray;
Here Heaven in vain that kind retreat ſhould found
The louder Cannōn had the Thunder drown'd.
Some we made prize, while others burnt and rent
With their rich Lading to the bottom went,
Down ſinks at once (ſo fortune with us ſports)
The pay of Armies and the pride of Courts.
Vain man! whoſe Rage buries as low that ſtore,
As Avarice had digg'd for it before;
What Earth in her dark bowels could not keep
From greedy hands lies ſafer in the deep,
Where *Thetis* kindly does from mortals hide
Thoſe ſeeds of Luxury, Debate and Pride.
And now into her Lap the richeſt prize
Fell with the nobleſt of our Enemies,

The

The Marquiſs glad to ſee the fire deſtroy
Wealth, that prevailing foes were to enjoy,
Out from his flaming ſhip his children ſent
To periſh in a milder Element;
Then laid him by his burning Ladies ſide,
And ſince he could not ſave her, with her dy'd.
Spices and Gums about them melting fry,
And *Phœnix* like in that rich neſt they dye;
Alive in flames of equal love they burn'd
And now together are to aſhes turn'd,
Aſhes more worth than all their funeral coſt,
Than the huge Treaſure, which was with them loſt.
Theſe dying Lovers, and their floating Sons
Suſpend the Fight and ſilence all our Guns,
Beauty and Youth about to periſh finds
Such Noble pity in brave *Engliſh* minds,
That the rich ſpoil forgot, their valours prize,
All labour now to ſave their Enemies.

How frail our passions! how soon changed are
Our wrath and fury to a friendly Care?
They that but now for Honour and for Plate
Made the sea blush with bloud, resign their hate,
And their young foes Endeav'ring to retrive,
With greater hazard than they fought, they dive.

Epitaph *to be written under the Latine inscription upon the Tomb of the only Son of the Lord* Andover.

'Tis fit the *English* Reader should be told
In our own Language what this Tomb do's hold
'Tis not a Noble Corps alone do's lye
Under this stone, but a whole Family;
His Parents pious Care, their Name, their Joy,
And all their Hope, lies buried with this Boy,
This lovely youth, for whom we all made moan,
That knew his worth, as he had been our own.

Had

Had there been ſpace, and years enough allow'd,
His Courage, wit, and breeding, to have ſhow'd,
We had not found in all the numerous Rowl
Of his fam'd Anceſtors, a greater ſoul,
His early Vertues to that antient ſtock
Gave as much Honour, as from thence he took.
Like Buds appearing e're the froſts are paſt,
To become Man he made ſuch fatal haſte,
And to perfection labour'd ſo to climb,
Preventing ſlow Experience and Time,
That 'tis no wonder death our hopes beguil'd;
He's ſeldom Old, that will not be a Child.

To the Queen upon Her Majeſties Birth-day, after Her happy recovery from a dangerous ſickneſs.

FArewel the Year which threatned ſo
The faireſt Light the World can ſhow;
Welcome the New, whoſe every day
Reſtoring what was ſnatc'hd away

By pining ſickneſs from the fair,
That matchleſs Beauty does repair
So faſt that the approaching Spring,
Which do's to Flowry Meadows bring
What the rude Winter from them tore,
Shall give her all ſhe had before.
But we recover not ſo faſt
The ſenſe of ſuch a danger paſt;
We that eſteem'd You ſent from Heav'n,
A pattern to this Iſland giv'n,
To ſhew us what the Bleſs'd do there,
And what alive they practis'd here,
When that which we immortal thought,
We ſaw ſo neer Deſtruction brought
Felt all which you did then endure
And tremble yet, as not ſecure;
So though the Sun victorious be,
And from a dirk Eccliſe ſet free,

Th'In-

Th' Influence which we fondly fear
Afflicts our Thoughts the following Year,
But that which may Relieve our care,
Is that You have a Help ſo near
For all the Evils you can prove,
The Kindneſs of your Royal Love:
He that was never known to Mourn,
So many Kingdoms from him Torn,
His Tears reſerv'd for You, more dear,
More priz'd than all thoſe Kingdoms were:
For when no healing Art prevail'd,
When Cordials and Elixars fail'd,
On your pale Cheek he dropt the ſhour
Reviv'd you like a Dying flour.

Nunc itaque & verſus & cætera ludicra pono,
Quid verum, *atque decens, curo, & rogo, & omnis in hoc*
ſum:

IN-

INSTRUCTIONS TO A PAINTER,

For the Drawing of the
Posture and Progress of His Majesties
Forces at Sea under the Command of
His *HIGHNESS*-ROYAL.
Together with
The Battel and Victory obtained
over the *Dutch*, *June*, 3. 1665.

FIrst draw the Sea, That portion which between
The greater World, and this of ours is seen;
Here place the *Brittish*, there the *Holland* Fleet,
Vast floating Armies, both prepar'd to meet:
Draw the whole world, expecting who should Reign,
After this Combate, o're the conquer'd Main;
Make Heav'n concern'd and an unusual Star
Declare th'Importance of th' approaching War:

Make

Make the Sea ſhine with Gallantry, and all
The *Engliſh* Youth flock to their Admiral,
The valiant Duke, whoſe early Deeds abroad,
Such Rage in Fight, and Art in conduct ſhow'd;
His bright Sword now a dearer Int'reſt draws,
His Brothers Glory, and His Countries Cauſe.

Let thy bold Pencil, Hope, and Courage ſpread
Through the whole Navy, by that *Heroe* led;
Make all appear, where ſuch a Prince is by
Reſolv'd to Conquer, or reſolv'd to Die:

With His Extraction, and His Glorious mind
Make the proud Sails ſwell, more than with the wind;
Preventing Cannon, make His louder Fame
Check the *Batavians*, and their Fury tame:
So hungry Wolves, though greedy of their prey,
Stop when they find a Lion in their way.
Make him beſtride the Ocean, and Mankind
Ask His conſent, to uſe the Sea and Wind:

While

While his tall ſhips in the barr'd Channel ſtand,
He graſpes the *Indies* in His Armed Hand.
Paint an *Eaſt* wind, and make it blow away
Th' excuſe of *Holland* for their Navies ſtay;
Make them look pale, and the bold Prince to ſhun,
Through the cold *North*, and Rocky Regions run;
To find the Coaſt where Morning firſt appears,
By the dark Pole the wary *Belgian* ſteers,
Confeſſing now, He dreads the *Engliſh*, more
Then all the dangers of a frozen Shore,
While from our Arms ſecurity to find,
They flie ſo far, they leave the Day behind:
Deſcribe their Fleet abandoning the Sea,
And all their Merchants left a wealthy Prey;
Our firſt ſucceſs in War, make *Bacchus* Crown,
And half the Vintage of the Year our own:
The *Dutch* their Wine, and all their Brandee loſe,
Diſarm'd of that, from which their courage grows;

While

While the glad *Engliſh*, to relieve their toil,
In Healths to their great leader drink the ſpoil:
His high Command to *Africks* Coaſt extend,
And make the *Moors* before the *Engliſh* bend,
Thoſe barbarous Pirates willingly receive
Conditions ſuch, as we are pleas'd to give;
Deſerted by the *Dutch*, let Nations know,
We can our own, and their great buſineſs do;
Falſe friends chaſtiſe, and common foes reſtrain,
Which worſe then Tempeſts did infeſt the Main.
Within thoſe *Streights* make *Hollands Smirna*-Fleet
With a ſmall Squadron of the *Engliſh* meet;
Like Falcons theſe, thoſe like a numerous Flock,
Of Fowl, which ſcatter to avoid the Shock;
There paint Confuſion in a various ſhape
Some ſink, ſome yield, and flying ſome eſcape:
Europe and *Africa* from either Shore
Spectators are, and hear our Cannon roar,

While

While the divided world, in this agree,
Men that Fight so, deserve to rule the Sea.

But neerer home, thy Pencil use once more,
And place our Navy by the *Holland* shore;
The World they compass'd while they fought with (*Spain*,
But here already they resign the Main:

Those greedy Mariners, out of whose way,
Diffusive Nature could no Region lay,
At home preserv'd, from Rocks and Tempests lie,
Compell'd, like others, in their Beds to die;

Their single Towns th'*Iberian* Armies prest,
We all their Provinces at once invest,
And in a Month, Ruine their Traffique more,
Then that long War, could in an Age before.

But who can always on the Billows lie?
The watry Wilderness yields no suplie;
Spreading our Sails, to *Harwich* we resort,
And meet the Beauties of the *Brittish* Court,

Th' Il-

Th' Illuſtrious Dutcheſs, and her Glorious Train,
Like *Thetis* with her Nymphs adorn the Main;
The gazing Sea-gods, ſince the *Paphian* Queen
Sprung from among them, no ſuch ſight had ſeen;
Charm'd with the Graces of a Troop ſo fair,
Thoſe deathleſs Powers for us themſelves declare,
Reſolv'd the Aid of *Neptunes* Court to bring,
And help the Nation where ſuch Beauties ſpring:
The Souldier here his waſted ſtore ſupplies,
And takes new valour from the Ladies Eyes:
Mean while like Bees when ſtormy winter's gone,
The *Dutch* (as if the Sea were all their own)
Deſert their Ports, and falling in their way
Our *Hamburgh* Merchants are become their Prey;
Thus flouriſh they, before th' approaching Fight,
As dying Tapers give a blazing Light.
To check their Pride, our Fleet halfe victual'd goes,
Enough to ſerve us till we reach our Foes,

Who

Who now appear so numerous and bold,
The Action worthy of our Arms we hold;
A greater force, then that which here we find,
Ne're press'd the Ocean, nor employ'd the Wind.
Restrain'd a while by the unwelcome night,
Th' impatient *English* scarce attend the Light;
But now the Morning, Heav'n severely clear,
To the fierce Work Indulgent does appear;
And *Phœbus* lifts above the Waves his Light,
That he might see, and thus record the Fight:

As when loud Winds from different Quarters rush,
Vast Clouds incountring, one another crush,
With swelling Sails, so, from their several Coasts,
Joyn the *Batavian* and the *British* Hoasts;
For a less Prize, with less Concern and Rage,
The *Roman* Fleets at *Actium* did Engage;
They for the Empire of the World they knew,
These for the Old Contend, and for the New:

At

At the firſt ſhock, with Blood, and Powder ſtain'd,
Nor Heav'n, nor Sea, their former face retain'd;
Fury and Art produce Effects ſo ſtrange,
They trouble Nature, and her Viſage change:
Where burning Ships the baniſh'd Sun ſupply,
And no Light ſhines, but that by which men dye,
There *YORK* appears, ſo prodigal is he
Of Royal Blood as ancient as the Sea,
Which down to Him, ſo many Ages told,
Has through the veins of Mighty Monarchs roll'd;
The great *Achilles* march'd not to the Field,
Till *Vulcan* that impenetrable Shield
And Arms had wrought; yet there no Bullets flew,
But Shafts & Darts, which the weak *Phrygians* threw;
Our bolder *Heroe* on the Deck does ſtand
Expos'd the Bulwark of his Native Land,
Defenſive Arms laid by, as uſeleſs here,
Where maſſie Balls the Neighbouring Rocks do tear;

Some Power unseen those Princes does protect,
Who for their Countrey thus themselves neglect.
Against *Him* first *Opdam* his Squadron leads,
Proud of his late success against the *Swedes*,
Made by that Action, and his high Command,
Worthy to perish by a Princes Hand:
The tall *Batavian* in a vast ship rides,
Bearing an Army in her hollow sides,
Yet not inclin'd the *English* ship to board,
More on his Guns relies, then on his Sword,
From whence a fatal Volly we receiv'd,
It miss'd the Duke, but His Great Heart it griev'd,
Three worthy Persons from His side it tore,
And dy'd His Garment with their scatter'd Gore:
Happy! to whom this glorious death arrives,
More to be valu'd than a thousand Lives!
On such a Theatre, as this, to dye,
For such a Cause, and such a Witness by!

Who

Who would not thus a Sacrifice be made,
To have his Blood on ſuch an Altar laid?
The reſt about Him ſtrook with horror ſtood,
To ſee their Leader cover'd o're with blood;
So trembl'd *Jacob*, when he thouht the ſtains
Of his Sons Coat had iſſued from his veins:
He feels no wound, but in his troubled thought,
Before for Honour, now Revenge He fought,
His friends in pieces torn, the bitter news
Not brought by Fame, with His own Eies He views;
His mind at once reflecting on their Youth,
Their Worth, their Love, their Valour and their Truth,
The joys of Court, their Mothers and their Wives
To follow Him abandon'd, and their Lives,
He ſtorms, and ſhoots; but flying Bullets now
To execute His Rage, appear too ſlow;
They miſs, or ſweep but common Souls away,
For ſuch a loſs, *Opdam* his life muſt pay:

Encouraging His Men, He gives the Word,
With fierce intent that hated ſhip to Board,
And make the guilty *Dutch*, with His own Arm,
Wait on His Friends, while yet their Blood is warm:
His winged Veſſel like an Eagle ſhows,
When through the Clouds to truſs a Swan ſhe goes;
The *Belgian* ſhip unmov'd, like ſome huge Rock
Inhabiting the Sea, expects the ſhock:
From both the Fleets Mens eyes are bent this way,
Neglecting all the buſineſs of the day,
Bullets their flight, and Guns their noiſe ſuſpend,
The ſilent Ocean does th'event attend,
Which Leader ſhall the doubtful vict'ry bleſs,
And give an earneſt of the Wars ſucceſs;
When Heav'n it ſelf for *England* to declare,
Turns Ship, and Men, and Tackle into Air;
Their new Commander from his Charge is toſt,
Which that young Prince had ſo unjuſtly loſt,

Whoſe

Whoſe great Progenitors with better Fate,
And better Conduct ſway'd their Infant State.
His flight tow'rds Heav'n th' aſpiring *Belgian* took,
But fell like *Phaeton* with Thunder ſtrook,
From vaſter hopes than his, he ſeem'd to fall,
That durſt attempt the *Brittiſh* Admiral:
From her Broad-ſides a ruder Flame is thrown,
Than from the fiery Chariot of the Sun;
That bears the radiant Enſign of the day,
And ſhe the Flag that Governs in the Sea.
The Duke ill pleas'd that Fire ſhould thus prevent
The work which for His brighter ſword He meant,
Anger ſtill burning in His valiant breaſt,
Goes to compleat Revenge upon the reſt;
So on the guardleſs Herd their Keeper ſlain,
Ruſhes a Tyger in the *Lybian* Plain.
The *Dutch* accuſtom'd to the raging Sea,
And in black Storms the frowns of Heav'n to ſee,

Never

Never met Tempeſt which more urg'd their fears,
Than that which in the Prince His look appears;
Fierce, Goodly, Young, *Mars* he reſembles, when
Jove ſends him down, to ſcourge perfidious Men,
Such as with foul Ingratitude have paid
Both thoſe that Led, and thoſe that gave them Aid,
Where He gives on, diſpoſing of their Fates,
Terror and Death on His loud Cannon waits,
With which He pleads H's Brothers Cauſe ſo well,
He ſhakes the Throne to which he does appeal;
The Sea with ſpoil His angry Bullets ſtrow,
Widows and Orphans making as they go;
Before His ſhip, fragments of Veſſels torn,
Flags, Arms, and *Belgian* Carcaſſes are born,
And His deſpairing Foes to flight inclin'd,
Spread all their Canvas to invite the Wind:
So the rude *Boreas* where he liſts to blow
Makes clouds above, and Billows flie below,

Beating

Beating the ſhore, and with a boiſterous rage
Does Heav'n at once, and Earth, and Sea ingage:
The Dutch elſewhere, did through the watry field
Perform enough to have made others yield;
But *Engliſh* Courage growing as they fight.
In danger, noiſe, and ſlaughter takes delight,
Their bloody Task, unwearied ſtill, they ply,
Only reſtrain'd by Death, or Victory:
Iron and Lead, from Earths dark Entrails torn,
Like ſhow'rs of Hail from either ſide are born;
So high the Rage of wretched Mortals goes,
Hurling their Mothers Bowels at their Foes,
Ingenious to their ruine, every Age
Improves the Arts, and Inſtruments of Rage;
Death haſt'ning ills nature enough has ſent,
And yet Men ſtill a thouſand more invent.
But *Bacchus* now which led the *Belgians* on
So fierce at firſt, to favour us begun;

Brandee and Wine, their wonted friends, at length
Render them uſeleſs, and betray their ſtrength:
So Corn in Fields, and in the Garden Flowers,
Revive, and raiſe themſelves with moderate ſhowers;
But over-charg'd with never-ceaſing Rain,
Become too moiſt, and bend their heads again:
Their reeling ſhips on one another fall,
Without a Foe enough to ruine all:
Of this Diſorder, and the favouring wind,
The watchful *Engliſh* ſuch advantage find,
Ships fraught with Fire among the heap they throw,
And up the ſo intangled *Belgians* blow;
The Flame invades the Powder-rooms, and then
Their Guns ſhoot Bullets, and their Veſſels Men;
The ſcorcht *Batavians* on the Billows float,
Sent from their own to paſs in *Charon*'s Boat.
And now our Royal Admiral, Succeſs
With all the marks of Victory does bleſs;

The

The burning ſhips, the taken, and the ſlain
Proclaim His Triumph o're the conquer'd Main:
Nearer to *Holland* as their haſty flight
Carries the noiſe and tumult of the Fight,
His Cannons roar, fore-runner of His Fame,
Makes their *Hague* tremble, and their *Amſterdam*;
The *Brittiſh* Thunder does their Houſes rock,
And the Duke ſeems at every door to knock;
His dreadful Streamer like a Comets hair
Threatning Deſtruction, haſtens their Deſpair,
Makes them deplore their ſcatter'd Fleet as loſt,
And fear our preſent Landing on their Coaſt.
The trembling *Dutch* th' approaching Prince behold
As Sheep a Lion leaping tow'rds their Fold;
Thoſe Piles which ſerve them to repel the Main
They think too weak His fury to reſtrain:
What wonders may not *Engliſh* valour work,
Led by th'Example of victorious *YORK*?

Or

Or what Defence againſt Him can they make,
Who at ſuch diſtance does their Countrey ſhake?
His fatal Hand their Bulwarks will o'rethrow,
And let in both the Ocean and the Foe:
Thus cry the People, and their Land to keep,
Allow our Title to command the deep,
Blaming their States ill Conduct to provoke
Thoſe Arms which freed them from the *Spaniſh* yoke.

Painter, excuſe me, if I have a while
Forgot thy Art, and us'd another Stile;
For though you draw Arm'd *Heroes* as they ſit;
The Taske in Battel does the Muſes fit;
They in the dark confuſion of a Fight
Diſcover all, inſtruct us how to write,
And Light and Honour to brave Actions yield,
Hid in the Smoak and tumult of the Field.
Ages to come ſhall know that Leaders toil,
And His Great Name on whom the Muſes ſmile;

Their

Their Dictates here let thy fam'd Pencil trace
And this Relation with thy Colours grace.
Then draw the Parliament, the Nobles met,
And our Great Monarch, High above Them ſet
Like young *Auguſtus* let His Image be,
Triumphing for that victory at Sea,
Where *Ægypts* Queen, and *Eaſtern* Kings o'rethrown,
Made the Poſſeſſion of the World His own.
Laſt draw the Commons at His Royal Feet,
Pouring out Treaſure to ſupply His Fleet;
They vow with Lives and Fortunes to maintain
Their Kings Eternal Title to the Main,
And with a Preſent to the Duke approve
His Valour, Conduct, and His Countreys Love.

TO

To the King.

GREAT SIR, Disdain not in this piece to stand
Supream Commander both of Sea and Land:
Those which Inhabit the Celestial Bower,
Painters express with Emblems of their Power;
His Club *Alcides*, *Phœbus* has his Bow,
Jove has his Thunder, and your Navy You.
But Your Great Providence no Colours here
Can Represent, nor Pencil draw that Care
Which keeps You waking, to secure our Peace,
The Nations Glory, and our Trades increase;
You for these Ends whole days in Council sit,
And the Diversions of Your Youth forget.
Small were the worth of Valour and of Force,
If Your High Wisdom Govern'd not their Course;

You

You as the Soul, as the firſt Mover You
Vigor and Life on every Part beſtow,
How to build Ships, and dreadful Ordnance caſt,
Inſtruct the Artiſts, and reward their Haſte:
So *Jove* himſelfe, when *Typhon* Heav'n does brave,
Deſcends to viſit *Vulcan*'s ſmoaky Cave,
Teaching the Brawny *Cyclops* how to frame
His Thunder mixt with Terrour, Wrath and Flame.
Had the old *Greeks* diſcover'd Your abode,
Crete had not been the Cradle of their God,
On that ſmall Iſland they had look'd with ſcorn,
And in *Great Britain* thought the Thunderer born.

TO

To a Friend of the AUTHORS.

A Person of Honour.

Supposed to be the Lord Berkley *of* Berkley.

Who lately writ a Religious Book, Entituled, *Historical Applications, and occasional Meditations upon several Subjects.*

BOld is the Man that dares ingage
For Piety in such an Age.
Who can presume to find a Guard
From Scorn, when Heaven's so little spar'd?
Divines are pardon'd, they defend
Altars on which their Lives depend:
But the Prophane impatient are
When Nobler Pens make this their care.
For why should these let in a Beam
Of Divine Light to trouble them;
And call in doubt their pleasing Thought,

Their

That none believes what we are taught?
High Birth and Fortune warrant give,
That ſuch men write what they believe:
And feeling firſt what they indite,
New credit give to ancient Light.
Amongſt theſe few our Author brings
His well-known pedigree from Kings.
This Book, the Image of his Mind,
Will make his Name not hard to find.
I wiſh the Throng of *Great* and *Good*
Made it leſs eas'ly underſtood.

To Mr. Henry Lawes, *who had then newly ſet a Song of mine in the year* 1635.

VErſe makes *Heroick* vertue live,
But you can life to Verſes give:
As when in open Air we blow
The Breath (though ſtrain'd) ſounds flat and low,

But

But if a Trumpet take the blaſt,
It lifts it high, and makes it laſt:
So in your Ayrs our Numbers dreſt
Make a ſhrill ſally from the Breſt
Of Nymphs, who ſinging what we pen'd,
Our paſſions to themſelves commend,
While Love victorious with thy Art
Governs at once their Voice and Heart
You by the help of Tune and Time
Can make that Song which was but Rime.
Noy pleading, no man doubts the Cauſe
Or queſtions Verſes ſet by *LAWES*.
As a Church window thick with Paint
Lets in a light but dimm and faint;
So others with Diviſion hide
The light of ſence, the Poets pride,
But you alone may truly boaſt
That not a Sillable is loſt;

At

The Writers and the Setter's skill
At once the raviſht Ears do fill.
Let thoſe which only warble long,
And Gargle in their Throats a Song,
Content themſelves with *UT, RE, MI,*
Let Words and Sence be ſet by thee.

Upon Her Majeſties New Buildings at Somerſet-Houſe.

GReat Queen, that does our Iſland bleſs,
With Princes and with Palaces;
Treated ſo ill, chac'd from your Throne,
Returning, you adorn the Town,
And with a brave Revenge do ſhow,
Their Glory went and came with you;
While Peace from hence, and you were gone
Your houſes in that Storm o'rethrown,
Thoſe wounds which Civil Rage did give,
At once you Pardon and Relieve:

Conſtant to *England* in your love,
As Birds are to their wonted Grove,
Though by rude hands their Neſts are ſpoil'd,
There, the next Spring again they build:
Accuſing ſome malignant Star,
Not *Britain*, for that fatal War,
Your Kindneſs baniſhes your Fear,
Reſolv'd to fix for ever here:
But what new Myne this work ſupplies?
Can ſuch a pile from Ruine riſe?
This like the firſt Creation ſhows,
As if at your Command it roſe;
Frugality, and Bounty too,
Thoſe differing virtues meet in you;
From a Confin'd well mannag'd ſtore
You both imploy, and feed the poor:
Let Foreign Princes vainly boaſt
The rude effects of Pride, and Coſt,

Of

Of vaſter Fabriques to which They
Contribute nothing, but the Pay:
This, by the Queen her ſelf deſign'd,
Gives us a pattern of her mind;
The State and Order does proclaim
The Genius of that Royal Dame,
Each part with juſt proportion grac'd,
And all to ſuch advantage plac'd
That the fair view her Window yields,
The Town, the River, and the Fields
Entring, Beneath us, we deſcry,
And wonder how we came ſo high;
She needs no weary ſteps aſcend,
All ſeems before her feet to bend,
And here, as She was born, She lies
High, without taking pains to riſe.

On the picture of a fair Youth taken after he was dead.

AS gather'd Flowers, whilſt their wounds are new,
Look gay and freſh, as on the ſtalke they grew,
Torn from the root that nouriſht them, a while,
Not taking notice of their fate, they ſmile,
And in the hand, which rudely pluckt them, ſhow
Fairer then thoſe that to their Autumne grow;
So Love and Beauty, ſtill that viſage grace,
Death cannot fright them from their wonted place,
Alive the hand of crooked age had marr'd
Thoſe lovely features, which cold death has ſpar'd.
No wonder then ——
The reſt is loſt.

Epigramme upon the Golden Medal.

OUr Guard upon the Royal ſide,
On the Reverſe, Our Beautie's pride

Have

Here we diſcern, the frown and ſmile,
The force, and Glory of our Iſle;
In the rich Medal both ſo like
Immortals ſtand, it ſeems antique
Carv'd by ſome Maſter, when the bold
Greeks make their *Jove* deſcend in Gold,
And *Danae* wondring at that ſhowr,
Which falling, ſtorm'd her brazen Towr;
Britania there, the Fort in vain
Had batter'd been with Golden Rain;
Thunder it ſelf had fail'd to paſs,
Vertue's a ſtronger Guard then Braſs.

Of a Tree cut in Paper.

FAir hand that can on virgin Paper write,
Yet from the ſtain of Ink preſerve it white,
Whoſe travel o're that Silver Field does ſhow,
Like track of Levereſts in morning ſnow;

Love's Image thus in pureſt minds is wrought,
Without a ſpot, or blemiſh to the thought;
Strange that your fingers ſhould the Pencil foyl
Without the help of Colours, or of Oyl;
For though a Painter Boughs and Leaves can make
'Tis you alone can make them bend and ſhake,
Whoſe Breath ſalutes your new created Grove
Like Southern winds, and makes it gently move;
Orpheus could make the Forreſt dance, but you
Can make the Motion and the Forreſt too.

To a Lady from whom he received the foregoing Coppy which for many years had been loſt.

NOthing lies hid from radiant eyes,
All they ſubdue become their ſpies,
Secrets, as choiceſt Jewels are
Preſented to oblige the fair,

No

No wonder then, that a loſt thought
Should there be found, where ſouls are caught:
The Picture of fair *Venus*, That,
For which, men ſay, The Goddeſs ſate,
Was loſt, till *Lilly* from your Look,
Again that Glorious Image took;
If vertue's ſelf were loſt, we might
From your fair mind new Copies write
All things but one you can reſtore,
The heart you get returns no more.

The Night-piece, or a Picture drawn in the dark.

DArkneſs, which faireſt Nymphs diſarms,
Defends us ill from *Mira*'s charms,
Mira can lay her Beauty by,
Take no advantage of the eye,

Quit all that *Lilly*'s Art can take,
And yet a thouſand Captives make;
Her ſpeech is grac't with ſweeter ſound,
Then in anothers ſong is found,
And all her well-plac'd words are Darts,
Which need no light to reach our hearts;
As the bright Stars and milky way,
Show'd by the Night, are hid by day;
So we in that accompliſht mind,
Helpt by the night, new graces find,
Which by the ſplendor of her view
Dazled before we never knew;
While we converſe with her, we mark
No want of Day, nor think it dark;
Her ſhining Image is a light
Fixt in our hearts, and conquers night;
Like Jewels to advantage ſet,
Her Beauty by the ſhade does get;
There,

There, bluſhes, frowns, and cold diſdain,
All that, our Paſſion might reſtrain
Is hid, and our Indulgent mind
Preſents the fair *Idea* kind;
Yet friended by the night, we dare,
Only in whiſpers, tell our care;
He that on her his bold hand lays
With *Cupids* pointed Arrows plays,
They, with a touch, they are ſo keen,
Wound us unſhot, and ſhe unſeen;
All neer approaches threaten death.
We may be Shipwrackt by her breath,
Love favour'd once, with that ſweet gale,
Doubles his haſte, and fills his Sail,
Till he arrive, where ſhe muſt prove
The Haven, or the Rock, of Love;
So we th'*Arabian* Coaſt do know,
At diſtance, when the Spices blow,

By the rich odour taught to steer,
Though neither Day, nor Stars appear.

Of English Verse.

POets may boast [as safely vain]
Their work shall with the world remain
Both bound together, live, or dye,
The Verses and the Prophecy.
But who can hope his lines should long
Last in a daily changing Tongue?
While they are new, envy prevails,
And as that dies, our Language fails;
When Architects have done their part
The Matter may betray their Art,
Time, if we use ill-chosen stone,
Soon brings a well-built Palace down.
Poets that lasting Marble seek
Must carve in *Latine* or in *Greek*,

We

We write in Sand, our Language grows,
And like the Tide our work o're flows.
Chaucer his Senſe can only boaſt,
The glory of his numbers loſt,
Years have defac'd his matchleſs ſtrain,
And yet he did not ſing in vain,
The Beauties which adorn'd that age
The ſhining Subjects of his rage,
Hoping they ſhould immortal prove
Rewarded with ſucceſs his love,
This was the generous Poets ſcope
And all an *Engliſh* Pen can hope
To make the fair approve his Flame
That can ſo far extend their Fame
Verſe thus deſign'd has no ill fate
If it arrive but at the Date
Of fading Beauty, if it prove
But as long liv'd as preſent love.

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